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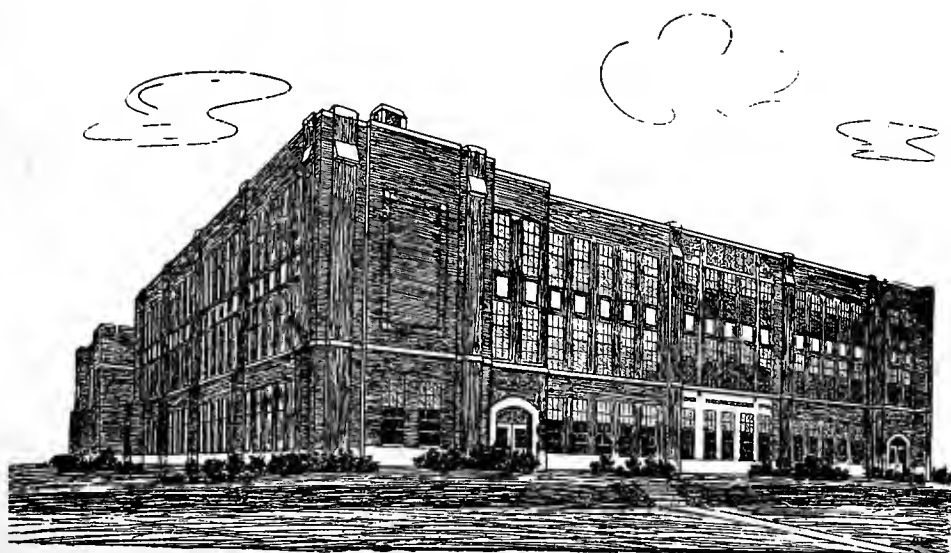
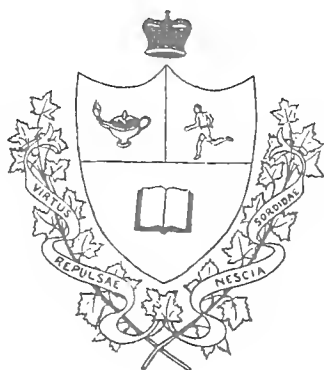
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The oracle

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1933



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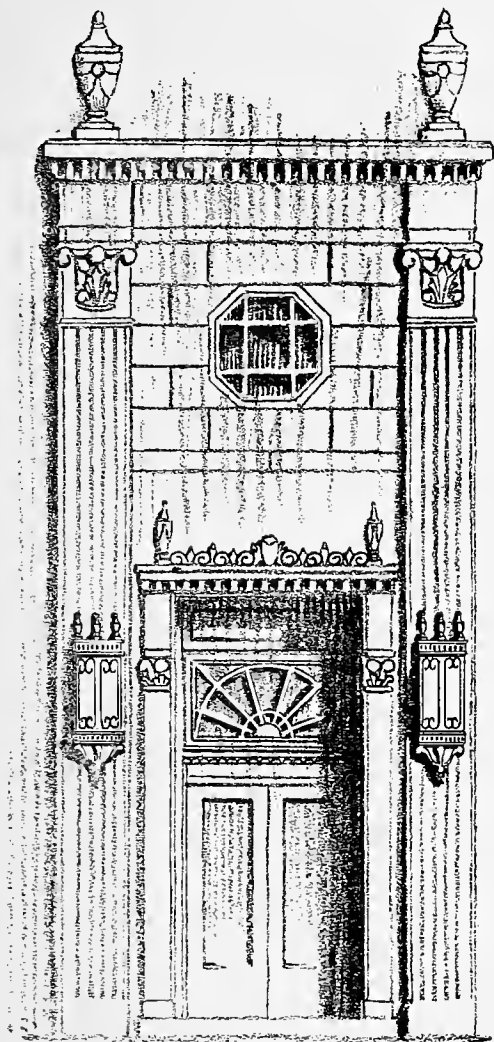
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K. Cameron (with line): "I'm not fishing. I am allowing this worm to bathe."

K. Cameron: "Here it is."

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Policeman: "You are arrested for allowing it to bathe without a bathing suit."

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So take it 'round to Monk's Garage
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Before you've gone a block.
Well, just you stop your worry, friend,
You simply are not sunk,
'Cause you can get your car fixed up
By taking it to Monk's. (*Oleo.*)

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J. Brooks: "Mr. Urlin, I'm sure stuck on this question."

Mr. Urlin: "Well, Jack, I'm certainly glad to see you like it."

Society Lady: "I want to see some gloves for my small daughter."

Clerk: "Black kid?"

Lady: "Sir!"

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B. Scott: "Not enough to injure my amateur standing."

Miss McRobert: "If you had a six-sided figure, what would you do?"

S. Mann: "I'm afraid I'd be forced to start a side show."

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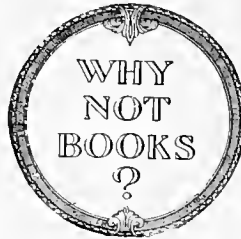
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ST. THOMAS

J. Kaufman: "Did you ask to see her home?"

B. Dowdell: "Yeah."

J. Kaufman: "What did she say?"

B. Dowdell: "She said she'd send me a picture of it."

Friend: "You seem to be a brilliant boy, I suppose you have a good place in your class?"

P. Hutchinson: "Oh, yes, I sit right near the radiator."



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Capital \$2,000,000

Reserve Fund \$3,200,000

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S. Clarke: "Do you remember when we met in the revolving door?"

D. Dicks: "Yes, that's when we started going around together, wasn't it?"—
(*With apologies to Dodd's Kidney Pills.*)

Boss: "Anne, what are you doing Sunday night?"

Stenog (hopefully): "Nothing, sir."

Boss: "Then see that you aren't late Monday morning."

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Mr. McNeil to F. Kunz: "Your trouble, my boy, is that you don't remember dates."

Voice from back: "Huh! He's never missed one in his life."

J. Kennedy: "Would you accept a pet monkey?"

B. Reed: "Oh, I'll have to ask my father. This is so sudden!"

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D. Cameron: "Yes, I know, but it's the same cat."

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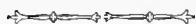


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Have YOURS Bound NOW!

D. McKenna: "My girl, Henrietta, is divine."

M. Black: "Your's may be divine, but mine is de berries."

Boat passenger: "Captain, my mother feels seasick. What shall I tell her to do?"

Captain: "Needn't tell her nothin' — she'll do it."

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5. Cellars etc. white washed with a Non-rub dull White Finish.
6. Fire Places and such like stained, re-finished etc.
7. We can supply a skilled man for any kind of job about the home.

O. E. BAYLIFFE

Metcalf 3927

21 Bruce Street

Mr. McNeil: "Give for any one year an account of the battles between the whites and Indians."

J. Wood: "In 1491: None."

N. Santo: "Horse-back riding always gives me a headache."

D. Blackall: "That's funny, it affects me just the opposite."

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335

Extra! ORACLE NEWS Extra!

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1935

SOUTH COLLEGIATE OUSTS K.-W. TEAM

CONCERT A GREAT SUCCESS

OUR ORCHESTRA AND ASSISTING ARTISTS DELIGHT LARGE AUDIENCE

An entertainment to which music lovers had been looking forward with great interest and expectations took place on Friday evening, December 1st. It was the concert given by Mr. Byles and his orchestra. For this occasion they were happy to have with them two ex-members of the orchestra, Howard Dicks and Jack Crone. Graciously assisting with the program were Miss Beth Atcheson, Miss Betty Holmes, Miss Frances Glazier and Mr. Billie Bending, all graduates of South, who were enthusiastically welcomed by the audience which filled the auditorium. The orchestra was arranged in a semi-circle amid flowers and palms which made the stage a most effective setting.

After the playing of "O Canada," the orchestra offered us a beautiful arrangement of the selections from one of Sigmund Romberg's loveliest and most popular operettas, "The Desert Song."

Miss Beth Atcheson delighted her audience with her account of the "Twelve Young Gideons," in which humour and pathos were charmingly blended. For an encore she told us what happened "When Pa Put the Ashes Out." Unfortunately,

Continued on page 4, col. 1

JUNIORS AND SENIORS GUESTS AT BANQUET

RUGBY PLAYERS PARTAKE OF HEARTY MEAL

On the evening of Tuesday, Nov. 28th, the second annual Rugby banquet was held in the school cafeteria. At 6.30 p.m., the two 1933 squads, several gridders of former years, and a few outside guests, numbering about seventy in all, sat down to a bountiful and well prepared meal. The heavy workout on the turkey was enjoyed by everyone.

After supper, Mr. Dinsmore, acting as chairman, first called on Mr. Freeman, coach of the highly successful Juniors, for a speech. Then Mr. Anderson, Mr. McHale and Mr. Graham, the special guests, were each asked to say a few words to the boys.

Douglas Parnell, popular captain of the Juniors, was heartily welcomed back and replied to the great ovation given him. He finished by presenting a gift to Mr. Freeman from the squad in appreciation of his efforts.

Neil Love, Senior's captain, followed this example by giving on behalf of the squad, a gift to Mr. Dinsmore, in token of their esteem.

Both coaches replied to these presentations. Each thanked the boys for their co-operation

Continued on page 4, col. 2

LONDON SOUTH JUNIORS TO MEET ST. THOMAS IN FINALS

TO PLAY A SUDDEN-DEATH GAME AT LITTLE STADIUM OF WESTERN UNIVERSITY

SATURDAY, DEC. 9

Time 2.15 p.m.

Price 15c. and 25c.

Kitchener plays wide-open rugby but fail to wipe out the previous 9-point lead completely. The teams lined up as follows:

London—Right outside, Caspel; right middle, Murray; right inside, Cleland; snap, Johnson; left inside, Bacon; left middle, Dowdell; left outside, Southcott; flying wing, Thomas; quarter, Annibale; halves, Filmore, Kennedy, and White; subs, McKenzie, Cruickshank, Atcheson, Morton, Anderson, Woolley, Haines.

Twin City—Right outside, Knarr; right middle, Ludwig; right inside, C. Peterson; snap, Klugman; left inside, H. Peterson; left middle, Robertson; left outside, Enns; flying wing, Dumart; quarter, Sheard; halves, Seyler, Bolduc and Ganci; subs, Martin, Gehl, Ariss, Hall, Bean, Couch and Kennedy.

First Quarter

South took the kick-off. On the first play a K.-W. man took the ball around the right side of the South line for a gain of 35 yards. K.-W. now made successive gains to place them within twenty yards of the South line. Bolduc of K.-W. kicked for a point. Filmore, on trying to bring it out, was downed within his own line. K.-W. 1, South 0. South now took the ball and on first down kicked to the K.-W. team. The kick was returned; after three plays, South lost the ball to Kitchener and Kitchener, being only 40 yards out, tried for a field goal; the kick was short. The play for the rest of the period remained at the South end, but K.-W. could not score over that strong red line, and the score remained K.-W. 1, South 0.

Second Quarter

South came back at the K.-W. team with a vengeance and drove deep into the enemy's territory by virtue of a long run by Buck Mason, but the K.-W. line held and no score could be made. London is now thrown for a 10-yard loss on the first two downs of the quarter, but they got it back with interest when the K.-W. backs

played up too far, and Kennedy booted far over their heads and ended up a scant thirty yards from the K.-W. goal line. K.-W. started to work the ball back, but were rewarded for their efforts by the sudden breaking away of White, for a 40-yard run to carry the ball back to K.-W.'s 40-yard line. The next kick was broken up by K.-W., and Thomas recovered, running it right up to the K.-W. 5-yard line. On the next plays South were unable to break through the K.-W. line, but were successful in kicking for a point. From this period of the play till half time, the play remained close to centre. Kennedy broke up a real K.-W. threat by spearing a long K.-W. forward on the Kitchener 40-yard line. The score: K.-W. 1, South 1.

Third Quarter

K.-W. carried the ball right down into South territory clicking off yards four times in a row, but the Scarlet line held and K.-W. lost the ball to London on the latter's 5-yard line. After South kicked, Kitchener again advanced dangerously close to London's goal line. South recovered a fumble to foil the K.-W. threat once more. A blocked kick, recovered by Kitchener and carried over for a touch, marked the first major score of the game. The convert was kicked to completion. K.-W. 7, South 1. A blocked Kitchener kick was now recovered by Dowdell, away down in K.-W. territory, who had an open field with which to score, but slipped in the muddy field. London advanced the ball towards the K.-W. line,

Continued on page 4, col. 5

PRESENTATIONS MADE THIS MORNING IN AUDITORIUM

BOB CALVERT RECEIVES LEATHER-BOUND CIRCULATION NOTE-BOOK

Mr. Allin Presented with Gift by Editorial Staff

BOB CALVERT

This year has seen more competition than ever before in connection with the Oracle sales. With such an incentive before us, it's no wonder we were all spurred on to selling them. But everyone couldn't win the prize.

This morning we were very happy to be able to present this beautiful note-book to Bob Calvert, the deserving winner. Just to mention the fact that Bob sold 100 Oracles leaves us all gasping, and we wonder if anyone else in his locality sold

any at all. I think Bob deserves great credit for the time and effort which he must have spent. Next year, when the Oracle is published, we hope that he will again top the list. CONGRATULATIONS, BOB!

MR. ALLIN

The editorial staff of this year's Oracle has certainly appreciated the untiring efforts of our Advisory Editor, Mr. Allin, and we all felt that we would like to show him just how grateful we were for his time and valuable advice.

So, this morning we asked him to accept a small gift to show our appreciation. Any member of the staff will tell you how willing he was to give us assistance at any time, and we all thank him very much.

—B. D., VB.

CONGRATULATIONS, BECK!

Looking over your last year's magazine, we, of the editorial staff, realize the vast amount of work and incentive put forth to produce such an original edition. May we congratulate you on your success in winning the provincial shield this year, but — look out in the future, Beck!

—O. C., VA.

THE ORACLE NEWS EXTRA

Published by the Students of the London South C. I.

Editor-in-Chief.....Owen Cousins
 Sports Editor.....Ross Miller
 Jokes Editors.....Betty Heaslip and Freddy Haysom
 School News.....Doris Blackall and Tom Faust
 Contributors—Betty Planitz, Barbara Dulmage, Margaret Kirk, Neil Love,
 Ernie Grove, Frank Kunz.

(Member XYZ)

South C. I., Wednesday, December 6, 1933

EDITORIAL
CORRECTIONS

We don't like having to confess our mistakes, but this time we couldn't squeeze out of the job. We should like to apologize to the German department for their heading. Did you notice that Deutsch in the heading "Lesen sie Deutsch" has suddenly acquired an "e"? And while we're in the mood for apologizing, we hope George Fleming will forgive us for our spelling of his name. Also, we want to explain that it was Bill Watters who provided the accordion number at the Fifth Year banquet. And last, but by no means least, we wish to express our sincerest apologies to Betty Heaslip and Freddie Haysom for their Jokes department. Only those who worked around Room 10 know just how very hard both Betty and Fred worked over their department of the ORACLE. And then, to have more than half of their jokes cut, for one reason or another—well, it must have been discouraging, to say the least.

—M. I. K.

ROOM 10

There are many commodious class-rooms in our school, each with its presiding teacher, but there is one small room into which many of our students never have entered. Perhaps the solid wooden door which affords its only entrance is foreboding, but in the fall the interior presents a scene of bustling activity. No teacher presides here, but rather our genial Editor-in-Chief directs the operations of his energetic staff.

We would hardly be so bold as to say that the room is a model of neatness—untidiness would be the more appropriate word. But there it was that this year's ORACLE had its birth; there was it carefully nurtured; and those who have had a part in this task will long have vivid recollections of the hours spent in Room 10.

—R. H. A.

ORACLE SALES GO OVER THE TOP

Once again the Oracle Circulation Department has more than reached its objective. The number of magazines sold this year exceeds 2,650 and slightly more than 150 copies above the number sold last year.

Special note must be made regarding the excellent work of Form III D with a grand total of 247, and Form V A with 249 copies sold, a class average of 7 and 5 respectively. Bob Calvert (he tells me he asked most of the postmen), still upholding the Calvert name as master salesman, sold exactly 100 Oracles. Dorothy Hubbell must be commended on selling over 30 Oracles again this year.

Considering the scarcity of twenty-five cent pieces that the Oracle Circulation Staff was forced to face this year, it has set a record that future circulation departments will do well to bear in mind.

—F. K.

SOUTH HOLDS IMPRESSIVE
REMEMBRANCE DAY SERVICE

This year, the Remembrance Day service was held on Friday, Nov. 10th, 1933. The program was one of the finest and most impressive ever held in the school. It served as a very good reminder of the real meaning of Remembrance Day.

Again Prof. Floyd Maine, of the University of Western Ontario was the speaker at our service. The real spirit of sacrifice, Prof. Maine said, is still challenged in this generation by the demands that peace makes upon us. Our gift of heroism, courage and noble living is not spectacular; no publicity attends it today, but of the two tasks it is just possible that that of preserving peace with honour may be even

harder than that of winning it. The extreme attentiveness of the students showed the deep impression these words created.

The student body sang Kipling's "Recessional," accompanied by the orchestra. The glorious dead of various countries, such as Canada, Great Britain, Germany, Russia, and Austria, were represented by Don. Fraser, Neil Love, Bill Pace, John Gordon, Bus. Wide-man, and Pat. Black. They appealed to the Voice of History—a part played by Mr. H. G. Wonnacott—to know whether their supreme sacrifice was bringing the reward that they had expected. Each one closed with the pathetic lament—

Continued on page 4, col. 4

CHEMISTRY ROOM
NO LONGER NEEDEDNEW TYPE OF EXAMINATION
PAPER FOR YOUR
APPROVAL

To those young men who aspire to qualify as skilled druggists, we are able to present a sample examination paper which will cover approximately all the important duties and range of knowledge of the work in a modern drug store.

1. In mixing ice cream soda, which should be put in the glass first, the ice cream or the soda?

Note.—Write about 50 words.

2. When a spoonful of grated walnuts is added to a banana split, what is the dish called, and what should be the additional charge? Why not? Is your preference for fresh fruit in a glass container or tin? Does anybody care?

3. What would your explanation be to the customer who finds a key-ring in his orange-ade? Would you say something jocular about everybody, needing iron for the blood? Suppose he fails to appreciate the joke?

(Write 50 words on this.)

4. What brand of safety razor blades would you recommend to a man with warts on his chin? A man with no chin? A man with a full beard? High school boy, whose beard is not yet visible? Chinamen?

5. Is it ethical for a drug store, because it deals in such necessary articles as rouge, lipstick, chewing gum and stationery, to keep open all day Sunday for non-essentials like coffee, sardines and olive oil? Are frankfurters drugs? Before or after eating—

(Write 30 words on this and destroy.)

6. In case an injured person is brought into a drug store, requiring first aid, is it proper to interrupt the sale of confectionery until the injured man is forcibly removed? Which should have first aid first, the man or the drug store?

7. If a customer asks a drug clerk for salted peanuts and in a moment of aberration—on the part of the customer—accepts gum drops, what should the efficient clerk do on discovering this error? Would the price of peanuts as opposed to gum drops dictate his course? Moreover, are peanuts food, and if so, are they habit-forming? Do you know of a noiseless variety of salted peanuts? Give Latin name for gum drops; also Italian, Eskimo, Gumarabic.

8. Do you know anything about drugs? Is there time and shelf space for drugs in a modern drug store?

Tell the truth in one word.

—J. F. S.

JOKES

B. Reed: "When I left the stage last night, the audience went wild with applause."

Anne Gordon: "Well, most likely they knew you weren't coming on again."

A man named Dodgin was recently appointed foreman, but his name was unknown to all his men. One day he ran across two men smoking in a corner.

"Who are you?" asked one of the men.

"I'm Dodgin, the new foreman," he replied.

"So are we. Sit down and have a smoke."

Libby Pegg: "We went through your home town on the train last night, didn't we?"

Ernie Grove: "Yes; what did you think of it?"

Libby: "We couldn't see it—there was a street-car on the track."

Frank Kunz: There has been something trembling on my lips for months and months."

Betty Scott: "So I see. Why don't you shave it off?"

N. Dow: "Hello, plumber; come at once. Our gas pipe's got an awful leak in it."

Plumber: "Did you do anything to it before you called?"

N. Dow: "Yes; I put a bucket under it."

He (during spat): "Now I know why women are called birds."

She: "Indeed! And why, pray?"

He: "Because you are always chirping."

She: "I understood it was on account of the worms we pick up."

"What's happened, George?" she asked her husband who had got out to investigate.

"Puncture," he answered, briefly.

"You ought to have been on the lookout for this," she grumbled. "You remember, the guide-book informed you there was a fork in the road."



"Shorty" Holland tosses one from the shoe-strings

« « S P O R T S » »



Coach Freeman's London South Collegiate Juniors succeeded in eliminating Woodstock Collegiate after local squads had failed during the last ten years. The personnel of the team shown above follows: Top row—Atcheson, Rose, Fillmore, Southcott, Black, Thomas and Coach Freeman. Middle row—Annibale, Anderson, Clelland, Morton, White, Dowdell, Kennedy. Front row—left to right—Cruikshank, Gray, Murray, Haines, Woolley, McKenzie, Caspell. Absent—Johnston, Bacon, Mason.

ECHOES FROM THE DRESSING ROOMS

By BILL PACE

After carefully following the latest Minnute Movie serial in a local newspaper, Jack "Phantom" Kennedy is unable to understand why he has not received a contract from M-G-M.

Among the finer sights this Fall:

The bedraggled members of the Junior Team rising from their fifteenth consecutive mud-puddle still smiling.

The angelic look on Joe Kaufman's face as he went through the line.

Long George Holland getting mixed up with his legs.

Jack Kennedy shaking off a tackler.

It is unfortunate that some players must receive injuries of a serious nature each year. This year, Doug. Parnell came in for more than his share. But Doug. sounds a very cheerful note because he figures that, in future, if he charges five cents admission to see that thumb of his, he stands to reap a considerable fortune which, after all expenses are paid, should afford at least a "sizeable" remuneration for his inconvenience.

Bob Miller argues that, if he had been in top form that day, Beck would never have won the deciding game from the Seniors. Unfortunately for South, Mr. Miller had a serious attack of pink tooth-brush just before the game. This prevented him from scoring his usual four touchdowns and thus we lost the game.

Much has been said about the wonderful showing the Junior team has made this year, but this column would not be complete without some mention of its success. Its victories have brought much attention and glory to South Collegiate as well as to the team members and Mr. Freeman.

Congratulations, Juniors, and may you emerge victorious.

During the past rugby season, Mr. Dinsmore suffered a rather painful injury. While refereeing a Juniors versus Seniors game (in which, by the way, the lowly Seniors were victorious 1-0) Mr. Dinsmore twisted his ankle so badly that he was unable to walk. The players immediately rushed to his aid, and ten or eleven of the strongest assisted him from the field. Fortunately, Mr. Dinsmore suffered no serious injury, but there were ten or eleven badly strained backs for a day or two.

Ernie Grove is not satisfied with his doctor. He claims that when he broke his finger this fall, the doctor did not set it so that it would harmonize with the several bumps on his nose. "Consequently," moans Ernie, "it spoils my whole make-up and darkens my future possibilities."

SOUTH HIGH JUNIORS WHIP K.W. SQUAD 16-7

LONDON SOUTH TAKES LEAD
IN W.O.S.S.A. SEMI-FINALS

London South Collegiate — London's lone representative left in the football world—met Kitchener-Waterloo Collegiate in the first game of the Junior W.O.S.S.A. semi-finals at Tecumseh Park on Sat., Nov. 25.

The South gridders succeeded in gaining a nine-point lead over Kitchener's undefeated team. Although the visitors were able to take an overwhelming victory of 58-2 over Galt, last year's titleholders, they were unable to secure any advantage over the local boys.

The South boys got away to a good start when they recovered the ball after K-W. had fumbled in receiving the kick-off on their 25-yard line. South followed up their advantage and succeeded in scoring the first point of the game when Kennedy kicked to rouge Couch.

Play steadied somewhat until South blocked Bolduc's kick. After a speedy recovery, Murray got over for a touchdown, which was not converted.

Ganci, of Kitchener, retaliated by staging the most sensational play of the game when he made a 65-yard run for a touchdown.

First quarter: South, 6; Kitchener-Waterloo, 5.

Opening the second quarter, Kennedy kicked to Couch, who fumbled on the one-yard line and Dowdell dribbled it over the line to get another touchdown for South. Score 11-5.

Yards gained by plunging ability on either side, combined with extensive kicking, sent the ball from one end to the other. White, however, was successful in rousing K-W. for two points, and the score at half-time left South in the lead 13 to 5.

The first of the second half

saw Kitchener downed on their 10-yard line. Steady plunging, in which Ludwig and Dumart were outstanding, however, finally took the ball to South's 48-yard line and Bolduc hoisted the ball 55 yards for a point. 13-6.

South, failing to gain yards, lost the ball on their 20-yard line. A short kick by Bolduc went in touch, five yards out, but Mason made an outstanding run and netted a gain of 40 yards.

Although both teams fought hard, showed fine plunging ability and booted consistently, neither had a decided advantage and the score at three-quarters remained 13-6 for the locals. Mason of South was injured during this period.

A fumble by South on their 25-yard line gave the ball to Kitchener and Klugman rouged Kennedy and ended Kitchener's scoring. Score 13-7.

A short and bitter struggle saw South at Kitchener's end and Kennedy raised South's score to 14 points by kicking to the deadline.

Although Kitchener fought hard to re-establish themselves, they were unable to make a further gain. In the last few minutes of play, White and Kennedy both kicked to the deadline, making the score at full time South 16, Kitchener 7.

Bolduc, Ganci and Klugman were outstanding for Kitchener, and White, Kennedy and Mason were outstanding for South, although every player on the team excelled himself.



"Ches" shows his marathon form

CONCERT A GREAT SUCCESS

Miss Atcheson was obliged to leave early, so we missed her second reading, which was deeply regretted, for she is a great favourite on any program.

Miss Betty Holmes, well known to Londoners, sang "Were My Song With Wings Provided," "I Love Life," and, later in the program, Schubert's beautiful "Serenade," which gave her an excellent opportunity to display the really fine quality of her voice. Dorothy Kidd was her accompanist.

The audience showed their deep appreciation of the orchestra's interpretation of "The Pilgrim's Chorus" from Tannhauser, by Wagner, and Schubert's stirring "Marche Militaire," and the delicate beauty of "The Wedding of the Winds."

Owen Cousins, our own talented pianist, who is an A. T. C. M., played a pianoforte solo, a request number, the exquisite "Valse" by Moskowski; and Frances Glazier thrilled her listeners with her brilliant rendering of "Rigoletto" by Verdi-Liszt.

Mr. Billie Bending, accompanied by Miss Kate King, played two violin solos: Chopin's "Nocturne in E Flat," and Brahms' "First Hungarian Dance." For an encore, we heard the old favourite "Last Rose of Summer." This artist needs no introduction to London audiences.

The grand finale, by the orchestra, was the Overture to Rossini's opera "William Tell." In this number, more than in any other, the orchestra displayed their unusual musical talent.

It was a beautiful program. No one at all appreciative of fine music could have failed to enjoy intensely every minute of it.

The orchestra's magnificent work was a revelation to the audience. To Mr. Byles goes the credit for gathering together, building up, and training an orchestra for which we have every right to be—and are—extremely proud.

At the conclusion of the concert, the Literary Society served refreshments to the orchestra and the guest artists. Mrs.

Carr-Harris was convener of this committee.

A great deal of credit for the success of the concert must go to Mr. W. T. Armstrong, who acted as business manager.

JUNIOR AND SENIORS GUESTS

during the season, and Mr. Dinsmore told an amusing story with a moral about his new lighter and the baby.

This concluded the banquet and the majority of the boys departed for downtown theatres.

Special thanks are in order for Mrs. Freeman, Mrs. Dinsmore, Miss Graham and Miss Lewin, who very willingly gave their time and energy that our banquet might be a success.

A word of appreciation is also due to Ken. Cameron, the president of Boys' Athletics, who gave his time and efforts unsparingly to make the banquet a success. Ye! Cameron!

—E. G.



Snozzle Clark shows a reversal of form.

We, of 5A think that Mr. Urlin should make special effort to get to his room sooner after morning auditorium, because this morning he missed the final ending of a new movie. The stars of the movie, "No Struggle in a Class-room," were J. Gordon and Nora MacEwing. After interviewing the stars, Nora was heard to say that she expected the first kiss to be more romantic.

SOUTH OUSTS K.-W.

and on the next play Kennedy ran it over for a touch. The convert was completed via a forward pass. K.-W. 7, South 7. London still retains 9-point lead.

Final Quarter

Kitchener got the breaks early in this period. A fumble by South was recovered by Ganci of Kitchener, who raced over the line for another major score. It was not converted, but K.-W. now lead in the game. K.-W. 12, South 7. South still retains 4-point lead on the round. On the next play, Kitchener intercepted a London South forward pass on South's 40-yard line. Thomas of South was hurt and replaced by Morton. K.-W. now had the ball at the London end, but were unable to move the sticks. London came into possession near mid-field. The play worked back and forward at mid-field until the final gong.

The game ended: K.-W. 12, London South 7.

—R. W. M., VA.

JUNIOR GIRLS' BASKETBALL

This year, practically the whole group of first and second year girls having turned out "en masse" for Basketball, they are being divided into teams and are playing off a schedule in our own school. After this is over, a first and second year team, composed of the best of these girls, will be picked to enter a tournament to take place the 7th and 8th of December. The four secondary schools of London are taking part in this tournament, in which two preliminary games and one final game are to be played in each series. This is to take the place of the former custom of having a schedule of six games which took all fall to complete, and thus left no time for other activities. The winners will be rewarded with a cup which will be held permanently. This change was

made with the consent of the donors of the cups.

The first year teams are coached by Miss Hilliard, and the second year teams by Miss MacFarlane. Under these capable coaches we are expecting great results.

REMEMBRANCE DAY SERVICE

"I died for freedom, this I know,
For those that bade me fight
They told me so."

The Voice of History gave them what satisfaction he could, but the real joy for these inquiring spirits was the unexpected appearance of The Youth of Today. This part was played by John Kidd. He told them that their sacrifice had not been in vain; that we, The Youth of Today, are bent on peace.

The drama was highly unified by the central lighting thrown on a silver urn in which each of the men in turn placed a spray of poppies, symbolic of the fact—

"They gave their merry youth away

For Country and for God."

An atmosphere of quiet solemnity pervaded the audience as the rich notes of an organ, played by Barbara Dulmage, were heard through the entire play.

From this account you can see how our school commemorates a day set aside for the memory of those who have died before us for our sake.

—T. F.



McHale has been a dribbler from the high-chair.

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THE ORACLE



*Published Annually by The Students of
The London South Collegiate Institute*

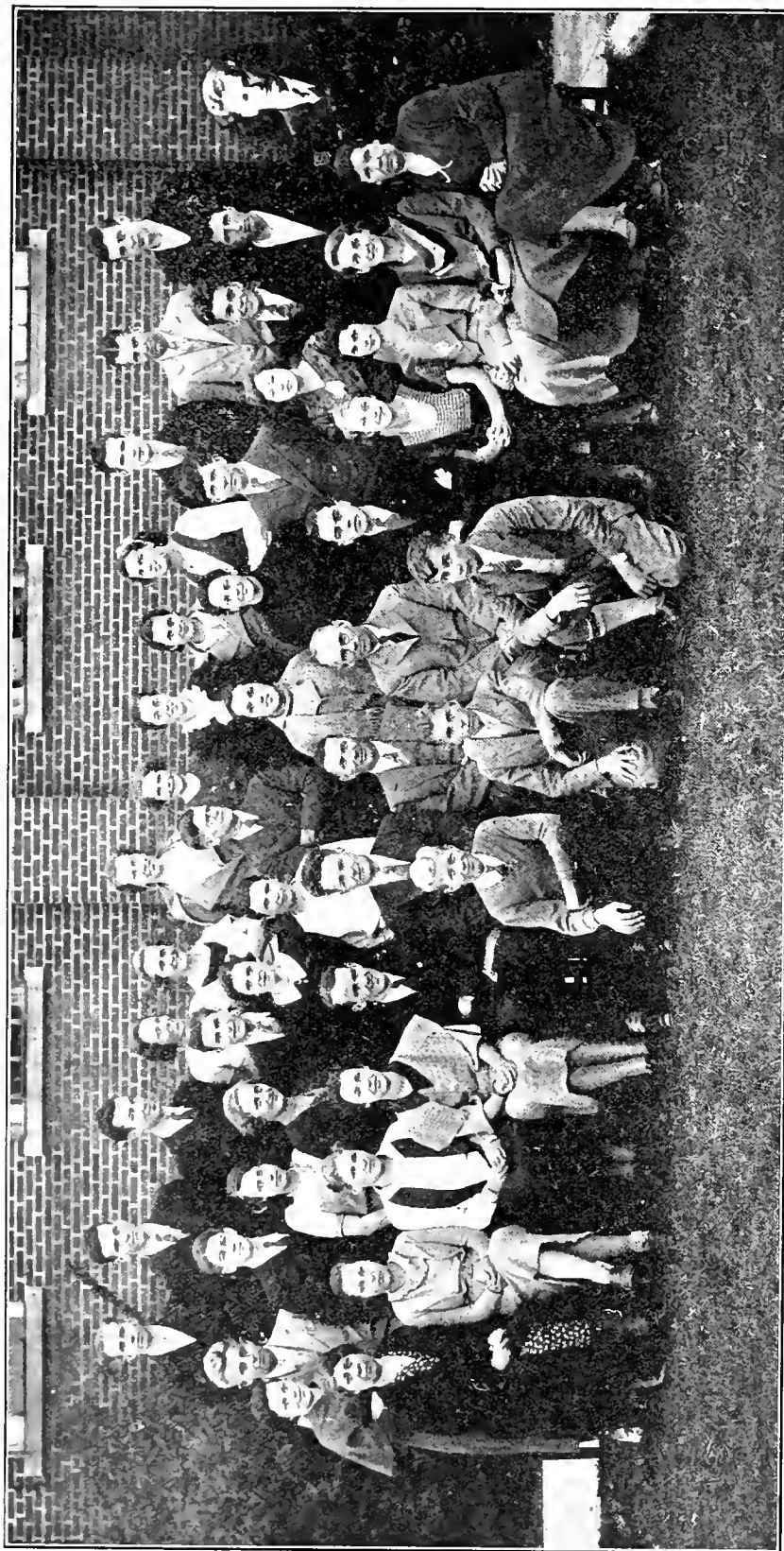
Volume XI

Number I

1933

SOUTH C. I.

page thirteen



ORACLE STAFF, 1933

Back Row—C. Wideman, J. Kidd, W. Hartry, E. Speiran, E. Pezz, N. Santo, A. Gordon, B. Henslip, E. Knowles, D. Dicks, N. Love, F. Haysom, L. Stevenson.
 Middle Row—N. McEwing, D. Parnell, S. Calvert, H. Mann, J. Anford, T. Faust, J. Murray, I. Hunt, Mr. J. F. Calvert (Advisory Circulation Manager),
 D. Blackall, C. Wallace, G. Fleming, P. Aitken, J. Kennedy, J. Casey.
 Front Row—Miss B. McCamus (Advisory Editor), D. Hubbell, M. Kirk, B. Dulmage, O. Cousins (Editor-in-Chief), Mr. R. Allin (Chief Advisory Editor),
 Mr. T. S. H. Graham, Mr. W. R. Urlin (Advisory Business Manager), K. Jones (Business Manager), E. Ford, M. Lee, Mrs. M. Corr-Harris, K. Norfolk, W. Jar-
 main, W. Dicks.
 Insert—F. Kunz (Circulation Manager).

L.S.C.I. ORACLE 1933

VOL. XI No. 1

LONDON, ONTARIO, DECEMBER, 1933

PRICE 25c.

EDITORIAL STAFF

Chief Advisory Editor—Mr. R. Allin.
Advisory Editor—Miss B. McCamus.
Editor-in-Chief—Owen Cousins.
Assistant Editor—Barbara Dulmage.
Assistant Editor—Margaret Kirk.
School News—Doris Blackall, Tom Faust.
Short Stories—Betty Planitz.
Photographs—Nora McEwing.
Science—Stewart Calvert, William Jar-
main.
Jokes—Betty Heaslip, Freddy Haysom.
Exchange—George Fleming.
Book Reviews—Margaret Kirk.
Poetry—Lloyd Stevenson.
Music and Dramatics—Wilfred Dicks.
French—Marjorie Lee.
German—Hetty Mann.

Illustrations — Elsie Ford. *Assistants* —
Mildred Porter, Dorothy Hubbell,
Margaret Perkins, Peggy Aitken, Ken
Norfolk, Owen Cousins.
L.S.C.I. Lowdown—Anne Gordon and Jean
Axford.
Girls' Sports—Nancy Santo.
Boys' Sports—Bus. Wideman.
Alumni—Harold White, Norman Farrow.

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Advisory Business Manager—W. R. Urlin.
Business Manager—Ken. Jones.
Staff—Dora Dicks, Jean Murray, Betty
Heaslip, Anne Gordon, Creena Wallace,
Libby Pegg, Eleanor Speiran, Irene
Hunt, Eileen Knowles, Nancy Santo,
Neil Love, John Kidd, Bill Hartry, Bus.
Wideman, Doug. Parnell, Jack Kennedy
and Jack Casey.

CONTENTS

Page	Page
Oracle Staff.....14, 15	Quebec 45
Editorials 17	German (Deutsch) 48
In Memoriam..... 20	Music and Dramatics..... 49
Poetry 21	Zoo Page 53
Short Stories and Essays..... 22	Alumni 54
The Loan..... 23	Fifth Year Pictures..... 56
Celia's Boy Friend..... 24	L.S.C.I. Lowdown..... 57
The Shattered Idol..... 25	Books 60
The Children's Hour..... 27	Science 62
The Effect of "The Purple Eyelash"..... 28	Sports—Boys 67
Scholarships and Awards..... 30	Girls 74
School News..... 33	A Few Brays..... 79
Exchange 44	Autographs 100



EDITORIAL

THIS ISSUE - -



NCE more the London South Collegiate Oracle comes before the eyes of the reading public, to be read, criticized, and liked, we hope! At least that is what we have all been striving for in these last few weeks. From the time of the publication of the first magazine the motto has been, I believe, "Bigger and better than ever." We will say nothing about the size this year, and we all feel sure that you will grant that it is much better.

In these pages may be found the contributions of all students, from the ambitious first-year to the greater (?) people of the Upper School. We hope that any who have sent in contributions and do not find them printed herein will not be at all discouraged, and will try again next year. You know, our space is limited.

This year's staff is certainly to be praised for the splendid way in which they have co-operated with one another and worked unceasingly. We want to thank those members of the teaching staff, too, who have so graciously helped us. Especially do we appreciate the work of Mr. Allin, our advisory editor, and Miss McCamus, who have both willingly given us some of their valuable advice. Miss McPherson also gives us great help on our French and German articles. Fancy handing in an article to be printed in either subject without first having it corrected! Our gym teachers help us in prying out information, too, which otherwise would be unknown.

We have a few new features this year. Also, much credit should certainly be given to our art staff and their assistants, who

do so much to beautify our magazine. Also, we thank our teachers and parents who have kindly contributed interesting articles to our magazine. And say, how do you like our Sports Edition? It was our newest idea, and we think it a very good one, too. This year we have combined all the science under one head, allotted much more space to our short story writers and have begun a "Social and Personal" column. Then we think you will approve of the fifth-year and rugby pictures taken in groups this year, instead of separate, as they were in the previous year.

A school edition should be an expression of the thoughts and ideas of the students. We hope this definition fits our magazine. We've all done our part and the rest is up to the readers. We hope it matches your expectations of us.

—B. W. D., V B.

AN APOLOGY



IN THE ORACLE we cannot hope to compete with some present-day magazines, the issues of which contain work of a high literary calibre. Yet we must restrict our publications to the best the school can produce, as an incentive to would-be contributors. It is a good policy to have a high aim in all things. If we have altered or rejected your contribution, we have done so in an effort to keep the standard of THE ORACLE's contents well above average.

Try again—and try harder!

—O. C., V A.

SOME OF OUR HISTORY



ON December 21, 1922, just four months after London South Collegiate was founded, the first ORACLE was published. The Literary Executive of that year edited the school paper, which consisted of four pages of newspaper stock, 9 by 12 inches, published three times a year: December, March, and June. John Johnston was Editor-in-chief; Mrs. Carr-Harris and Mr. McNeil, consulting editors. Into those four pages were crammed just all manner of interesting editorials, athletic reports, school news, jokes, and some good photographs. With such a splendid beginning we may easily understand the success ORACLE has known during its short, but brilliant, career.

The year 1922-23 saw an advance from four to eight pages. Athletics were featured, and several new departments—book reviews, exchange, le Coin Francais, hobby discussions, special articles, and a short story—were added. That year saw also the first use of a feature which has always been one of ORACLE'S unique characteristics—the use of special articles written by outstanding Canadians.

Arthur Hill took over the post of Editor-in-chief for the year 1923-24. For the first time there appeared several splendid poems and cartoons.

In 1924-25 the little paper was quite changed. Kenneth McEachern, assisted by Mrs. Carr-Harris, Mr. McNeil and Mr. Jennings, guided the destiny of THE ORACLE. For the first time space was sold to advertisers, enabling an increase from eight to twelve pages to be made. To the departments which had already proved worthwhile were added a poetry section, cartoons, and, mirror of the common fad, a crossword puzzle.

During 1925-26 Paul Rechnitzer, Mr. McNeil and Mr. Baird published the paper, which remained comparatively unchanged.

Then, in the fall of 1927, appeared the Jubilee Number, to celebrate the fifth birthday of THE ORACLE. The school paper now became a separate phase of school activities, and, directed by a staff headed by Jack Holmes and Mr. Jennings,

THE ORACLE made its first bow as a year book. Into the sixty-four pages were put all the old favorite departments, with many new additions.

In 1928 Miss McCamus accepted the position of Chief Advisory Editor and remained in this advisory capacity for five years.

May we thank, from the depths of our hearts, Mrs. Carr-Harris, Mr. McNeil, Mr. Baird, Mr. Jennings, and Miss McCamus, for the inspiration, the leadership, and the hours of sincere work they have given to the cause of our school magazine.

This year Mr. Allin has accepted the position of Advisory Editor. We should like to impress our readers with the fact that, had Mr. Allin not accepted this task, there just would not have been any '33 ORACLE. May we thank Mr. Allin for his faith in our magazine, and ask the co-operation of the student body for our new leader.

—M. I. K., V A.

THE SPIRIT OF SOUTH



IT is easy enough to be a loyal student of our school when we are bringing honour to it and ourselves by playing on the winning team or winning oratorical prizes or scholarships. But the real test of a student's loyalty to his school—school spirit, if you wish—comes just in the everyday life of the school. During the auditorium exercises there has been more co-operation, more responsiveness on the part of the students shown this year. Although we have heard quite a lot about our conduct on the rugby field, we still think it isn't as bad as Mr. Dinsmore would have us believe. The student body has responded nobly to his call for support of the rugby teams. Just here we would like to mention our cheer leaders who helped so much. This year the girls' party had almost perfect attendance, and everybody voted it the best ever. A great deal of its success was due to the students' co-operating with those in charge. And that same spirit of co-operation and loyalty to our school and the traditions we have been given by former students is in evidence throughout all the school activities, and is carried on into the classroom.

—M. I. K., V A.

AND BY THE WAY



E feel that this magazine should not go to press without an expression of appreciation to those responsible for its publication, there have been two wide-awake staffs working on THE ORACLE this year—the editorial staff, which is responsible for the actual magazine material, and the advertising staff, which makes the edition financially possible.

The editorial staff comprises twenty-two students, of whom the majority are in fourth or fifth year forms. It is not necessary to mention every name here, since that information has been previously given you, but there are some departments which require more work than others.

The Art staff, a group of about half a dozen students (a very small number this year!) have created most of the art work in this magazine. This meagre half dozen include Elsie Ford, Mildred Porter, Margaret Perkins, Peggy Aitken, Ken Norfolk and Owen Cousins. The calibre of art work this year is very high and the group is to be congratulated on its efforts.

On even terms with it, the name of Nora McEwing is mentioned. Nora has complete charge of photography this year and we are sure you will agree that her efforts were well worth while.

Every other member of the staff has done his best, we know. Only space prevents me from writing about their accomplishments also.

Our business manager, Ken Jones, who, by the way, has not had any previous experience on business staffs, has broken all former records in securing ads, a record which was established back in the booming days of prosperity in 1929. This year, however, the staff, inspired by Ken's leadership and Mr. Umlin's valuable guidance, has brought in an excess of \$40.00 to date—an enviable record for future business staffs to aim at!

While mentioning finance, one could not possibly omit the names of Mr. J. F. Calvert and Frank Kunz, to whom goes the credit for our high circulation. Last year, these two worked together also, and by

their untiring efforts produced a list of 2,750 copies sold. There is little doubt that a higher number will be secured this year.

Then, finally, but certainly not the least, another staff comes into the limelight for THE ORACLE,—our own teaching staff, the various members of which have given us valuable advice on any section in which they may have been interested. A few more names are mentioned here in this connection.

Miss Macpherson has done a great deal for the French section under the heading "Quebec" this year. She also supplied the excellent cuts.

And just to be different, I'll end up with the most important names. To Miss McCamus and Mr. Allin goes the credit of supervising our efforts this year.

Our success or failure, we leave to your opinion.

—O. C., V A.

THANK YOU!



EVERYONE in the school this year felt that the advertising staff, under Ken Jones' guiding hand, did a wonderful job—and so it did. The editorial staff began to feel very confident that the magazine was going to be a financial success when they saw the advertisements increasing. The extra incentive of a beautifully bound leather loose-leaf note-book, to be given to the person on the advertising staff who secured the greatest amount of space, was a great help in spurring the staff on to more effort than ever before. This book was donated by Miss Margaret Dennis, and to her we make grateful acknowledgment, both for this very worth-while prize and for the added incentive which it gave to our advertising staff. Also, the circulation department of THE ORACLE extends to Miss Margaret Dennis an equally grateful appreciation for the leather-bound loose-leaf note-book which she donated to the person who sold the greatest number of ORACLES. This kind presentation certainly added competition and zeal to THE ORACLE drive, for any one would be very proud to own such a note-book.

—NORA MCEWING, V A.

TO OUR ADVERTISERS



THE Business Staff wishes to take this opportunity of thanking the business men of London for supporting THE ORACLE. The publication of THE ORACLE is partly due to their advertisements, and so we sincerely appreciate their support.

We should also like to thank Margaret Dennis, who very kindly donated a leather notebook for the person who brought in the highest amount of advertising. It was won by Betty Heaslip, who secured seventy-eight dollars' worth of business.

This year the Business Staff has received more advertisements than in any

other year in the history of THE ORACLE, and so much of the credit for the success of THE ORACLE is due them. We hope that next year's staff will meet with the same success.

Dora Dicks
Betty Heaslip
Anne Gordon
Jeanne Murray
Creenna Wallace
Eleanor Speiran
Eileen Knowles
Irene Hunt
Nancy Santo

Elizabeth Pegg
Bill Hartry
Neil Love
John Kidd
Charlie Wideman
Doug. Parnell
Jack Casey
Jack Kennedy
Ken Jones

—KEN JONES, V B.



- In Memoriam -

*They shall not grow old, as we that are
left grow old;*

*Age shall not weary them, nor the years
condemn.*

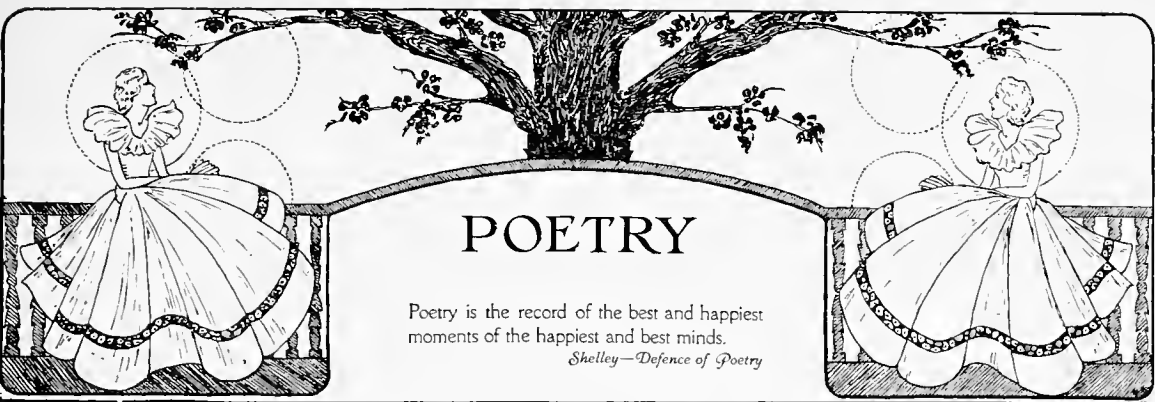
*At the going down of the sun, and in the
morning*

We shall remember them.

GEORGE TROTT, March 17, 1933.

HILDA GOWIE, August 6, 1933.

HAROLD MARSHALL, October 5, 1933.



EDITOR—LLOYD STEVENSON, III D.

SCAPE-GOAT

*Then to the wilderness
Sad and alone I went,
Bearing their sins away,
Leaving them innocent;
Souls that were unafraid,
Free from encumbrment.*

*Oh, but the way was hard,
Wandering ever.
No tree. No smallest stream.
No voice of river.*

*Always an angry sun,
Low in the sky;
Moon, stars, and sun again,
Lingering by.*

*Sunlight like liquid fire,
Starlight like grated ice,
In the dread valley land
Where lurk the cockatrice,
And where the scorpion
Crawls in the sand.*

*Then, wandering, I saw,
First with a mute surmise,
Him of the gentle voice,
Him of the loving eyes.*

*Oh, how I joyed in Him!
Watched Him with loving care,
Guarded Him through the night,
Followed Him everywhere!*

*But it was such a
Short-lived felicity:
Walking beside Him,
Listing His homily.*

*Forty days', forty nights'
Surcease from pain,
The Lord in the wilderness:
Eden again.*

—LLOYD STEVENSON, III D.

THE GOLDEN LADDER

*I stepped from a shadow into the sun's
clear beams,
And suddenly I thought: this is a pattern
of life,
An ideal to follow—always to face toward
the light,
Always to seek the sun, though we fear
that its bright,
Pure rays are too strong for unaccus-
tomed eyes;
Yet, braving its fire, we rise above doubt
and strife,
And touch with our hands, heights we
now see but in dreams.*

*When we follow Caesar blindly, in his
wars in distant Gaul,
And we falter and we faint beside the
way,
It is then the welcome ringing of the fire
bell calls us all,
"Brings us aid," and, "very quickly,"
saves the day.*

—JEAN PHILLIPS, V A.

SHORT STORIES

AND

ESSAYS

Editor, BETTY PLANITZ, VA



THE Short Story group has been fortunate indeed, this year, in having as a judge of its contributions Mrs. J. W. Thorburn. Mrs. Thorburn is a writer of experience, and under the name of Amy Campbell became known to hundreds of readers in her stories and, perhaps to an even greater extent, in her verses. That the judge's decision in the matter of short stories was eagerly awaited, then, goes without saying, but the group concerned was scarcely prepared for the delightful way in which this decision was announced.

Over an informal cup of tea, Mrs. Thorburn discussed each story in detail, showing an amazing appreciation of each writer's problems and difficulties. She was most generous in her praise, and in several instances urged the writer to send his story to a publisher.

One incident in connection with the choice of the winning story is of interest. After selecting the three best stories, in her opinion, Mrs. Thorburn, giving no hint of the decision, submitted the entire collection to a friend, Mrs. Eccle, of St. Thomas, herself a well-known writer of verses and stories. To the great delight of the judge, Mrs. Eccle's decision was identical with her own. Having thus been doubly assured, Mrs. Thorburn enthusiastically announced her selection of winners to the Short Story group.

It is difficult to express our appreciation of Mrs. Thorburn's interest. Her practical advice was of the greatest assistance and her enthusiasm, together with her gracious words, will not be forgotten by those to whom these words were indeed an inspiration.

—M. C.-H.

Thanks to the generosity of Mrs. John Rose, there has been a very real competition in connection with the award for the prize short story. This department of THE ORACLE wishes to express its very deep appreciation of the interest shown by Mrs. Rose.

A SKY SCRAPER

By LLOYD STEVENSON, III D.



AST and white against the smoke and squalor of the city rose the awesome shaft of steel and stone, straight and mighty and grandly aloof. At its base scurried a race of pygmies, but its spire pierced through the clouds and looked far out to the level fields beyond. Towering and majestic, it dreamed above the unrest of the great city, and sentinelled the comings and goings of a million men and women.

So it appeared from an upper window of a tall building near by. But viewed from the cockpit of an aeroplane, fifteen hundred feet above the earth, it seemed entirely different. Gone was the illusion of vastness and grandeur; gone the feeling of awe. The great sky-scraper, that had looked so colossal when one stood close by, now appeared to be nothing more than a splotch of white on the outstretched map below. It called forth no respect, enkindled no admiration, inspired no awe. It was just another building: brick and steel and stone. That was all.

THE LOAN

By ALEX. MCLEAN, IV C

(Ranked first in Short Story Contest.)



LD JOE MCGUIRE set the tin pail down outside the door and wiped his feet sadly. "It's no use, Martha," he muttered as he came in the door. "Jackson up at the bank told me that I couldn't get that loan. He said I didn't have enough security."

The old man sighed heavily and sat down in the creaky rocker by the window.

"Don't you worry, Joe," Martha reassured him, "Providence always has helped us and I think we'll manage some way."

"Well, I'm not fretting against Providence," said Joe, "but I don't see how there can be anything done this time."

Three hours later Old Joe carried the milk from the barn and was opening the door, when a long, black touring car swung to a stop before the porch.

"Listen, neighbor, could you spare me a gallon or so of gas?" asked the dark and dapper little man at the wheel.

"To be sure," said Joe. He picked up the tin pail on the porch, which he had brought from town. "I just got a couple of gallons this afternoon," and he readily poured the fluid into the tank of the big car. "I'll be in town again tomorrow and you're welcome."

The heavy car roared away toward the town.

"Listen, Luigi," said the little driver, "are you sure this gas'll last out?"

"Oh, quit your worrying," growled the driver. "Sure it'll do. And next time you make sure there's a tankful before you start for one of these backwoods places."

The town was dark when the car stopped before the bank. "Take it easy," said Bill. "I'll get the soup out of the keister while you open the place." Luigi paused momentarily before the door. Then it swung open and the two men entered.

For the next twenty minutes there was no sound but the oiled whir of a keen bit biting into the tempered steel of the old bank vault.

"Okay, shoot!" Luigi quickly covered the cracks of the door with a brown soap and then, from a tiny bottle which he held cautiously in a felt pad, poured a greasy liquid into the drilled hole.

"Take a look out front," he muttered. Bill peered carefully out the window.

"Okay, blow it!"

A match flared. The two men crouched behind a steel filing cabinet. There was a dull roar and the vault door toppled backward in one little surprised hop, and lay flat on the floor.

"Never mind the bags—probably all coppers," growled Bill. The two men scooped empty the cash drawers and raced to the curb. The starter of the big car whined. Again the starter made the little, choking murmur, but the big engine made no response.

With impatience Bill shoved his companion from the wheel. "Here come the cops," he yelled. "Get out of here, you—," and his foot found the starter as the words flowed on.

Next day Luigi's body lay crumpled on a marble slab in the coroner's office of the nearest city, his blood-reddened hands clutched over his heart.

Bill, in defiant hate, slumped against the back of the chair across from the detective-inspector.

"Well, you caught us cold," he spat, "but you wouldn't have come near us if that triple-starred car hadn't quit."

"I was going to tell you about that, Bill," smiled the detective. "You remembered where you stopped to get the gas?"

"You mean that old man I gave the fake half dollar to?"

"Yes," replied the detective. "He was in this morning. It seems he is a little careless and last night when he went to give you the gas he picked up the coal-oil can. The coal-oil burned all right while your engine was hot, but when you stopped,—well, you stopped right over for court today."

(turn to page 82)

CELIA'S BOY FRIEND

By EUNICE SMILLIE, V A.

EVEN if y' are takin' Celia out, Frank, ya can't wear my tie, ya big hunk a baloney!" The afore-mentioned portion of ground meat removed his brother's neck-tie from the proximity of his Adam's apple, substituted one of his own, and strode from the house in a discreet and manly silence which was, however, largely induced by that most unromantic of afflictions—a cold in the head.

As Frank swung along the street his line of thought was singularly monotonous: "Am I really Celia's boy-friend, or aren't I? Am I or aren't I?" he demanded of himself at frequent intervals. Previously he had thought of various expedients for ascertaining this most weighty problem, such as consulting daisies and "The Heart-Throb Column" in the local newspaper. Now, these paled before a new and particularly daring scheme—he would ask Celia herself. Rehearsals were begun immediately, and occasionally an unimpressed telephone pole was apostrophized, "Do you know, Celia, we've gone to two shows and three rugby. . . ." and,

"You do rather like. . . ." These results were so remarkably unimpressive and unromantic that Frank, plunging into the depths of dark despair, gave up.

But here was his lady's sacred abode. To give himself the necessary "savoir faire" as he approached he jingled importantly the two quarters that were to take Celia and him to the theatre. The woman in the case was seated on the front steps engaged in the delightfully domestic pastime of shelling peas. "Heddo, Cedia," he began. Curse it! He had forgotten his cold was that bad.

She looked up, surprised. "Oh, I'm awfully sorry, Frank, but I can't go to the show tonight. You see, Mother and Daddy've gone to the station to meet Aunt Elizabeth, and I've got to be home when she comes. It's too bad I couldn't have let you know and saved you walking over here."

"Thad's too bad, Cedia, I'b awfuddy sorry," quoth our hero. What else was there to say? He shifted his number twelve's thoughtfully as the moments flew by in a practically golden silence.

At length Celia burst out, "Oh, there are those awful birds again." Indeed, there *were* some birds—whole flocks of noisy grackles and starlings with the apparent intention of spending the night. Very evidently, however, the neighbours were not of the same opinion. Doors were slammed in violent succession, a wash tub was kicked resonantly, blank cartridges were fired, and shrill whistles were emitted. The birds received these more or less friendly overtures with complete sophistication—a surprised murmur, a polite flutter, and that was all.



Aunt Elizabeth looked at him. "Well, Celia, I can't say as I think much of—"

"We do this every night," explained Celia apologetically. "We better do something, too, or they'll all be over here. They're an awful pest."

So together they sat on the front steps and beat tin pans at frequent intervals. Miraculously, Frank was able to speak again, "Dook ad thad bad getti'g the hose to ged the birds." With that he gave up

(turn to page 84)

THE SHATTERED IDOL

By EDNA GARDNER, IV B.

FOR over a week the Harrison family had suffered. It began when Eve met the curly-headed Adonis in the cottage with the striped shutters. With the exception of the love-stricken Eve, they all bitterly regretted having come to Silver Beach for the summer.

"Oh, Mums," Eve glanced anxiously along the beach, "I do believe the peroxide blonde is trying to vamp him."

"Eve!" her mother protested, "I cannot allow you to call Sally a peroxide blonde, even if she is trying to vamp your new flame."

"Please, please, Mums," Eve looked up soulfully, "don't refer to Alfred as my flame; this is the real thing."

"What on earth are you turning your eyes up, like a dying duck, for?" Mr. Harrison looked up from his paper. "Are you ill, Eve?"

"You just don't understand, Tom," Mrs. Harrison's mouth twitched, "Eve has met her ideal man."

"Yeah, she has fallen for a walking collar-ad, by the name of Alfred Telfer," Roy, Eve's older brother, said disgustedly. "After all she said about the name, 'Alfred'."

"You keep still, Roy," Eve turned away impatiently. "If I disliked the name in my extreme youth, that doesn't mean I can't change my mind. Anyone can make a mistake."

"Alfred is all right," Billy, the youngest of the family, put in with an impish grin. "He is a bit knock-kneed, but nobody is perfect."

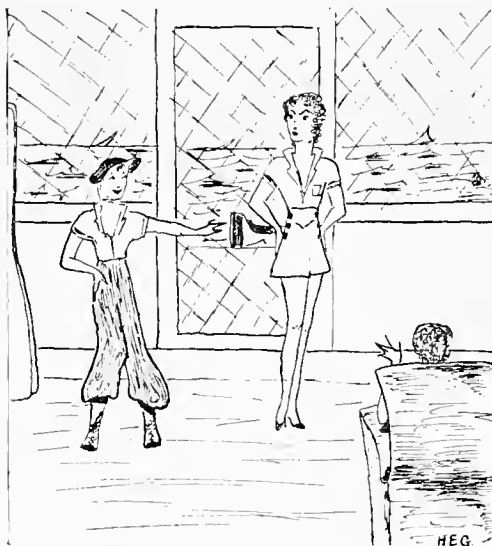
"Mother," Eve stormed, "please speak to the boys. Don't let them talk like that."

Mrs. Harrison gave the boys a long look, and they took the canoe paddles and went out grinning broadly. Mr. Harrison had returned to his paper and Eve was free to rave on, sure of one sympathetic listener.

"Should I wear my new pink dress to the dance tonight?" she asked a little

anxiously. "I look more grown up in it."

"But I don't want you to look grown up," Mrs. Harrison objected. "After all, you are only seventeen, and you look so sweet in your little white dress."



"He is a bit knock-kneed, but nobody is perfect."

"Oh, mother, you are making things awfully hard for me," Eve wailed. "If Alfred sees me in that silly dress he will just fade away. I look too young in it, and he is twenty-one."

"Quite an old man," her mother murmured. Then, perhaps because she remembered her own first love, she consented to the wearing of the disputed pink crepe dress.

When Eve was dressed and waiting for her escort that evening, she turned a pair of pleading brown eyes on her father.

"Daddy, will you please sleep inside tonight?" she begged. "I will be mortified if we are greeted by your loudest snores when Alfred brings me home tonight. A plain snore is bearable, but you whistle as well, and you can be heard for blocks."

"Oh, well, rather than have you mortified I will stay off the porch," Mr. Harrison agreed good-humouredly. "But I bet your boy friend can do his share of snor-

(turn to page 86)

ON BEING BORED

By ROSS ANDERSON, IV A.



NOTICED in the paper last evening that a young man had been arrested and tried for robbery. The judge and jury were amazed when he pleaded guilty, for he came of a respectable family, and could not possibly have needed the money. He was asked why he had stooped to such a crime. His reply was, "I was bored and wanted a thrill."

Boredom is now a universal affliction of civilized people. No one is too rich or too poor to have fits of this distressing condition. It stops at no international boundary and rears its unwanted head even at places thronged by seekers of pleasure.

What makes us bored? Is boredom a disease? Is it a sign of weakness of the mind? Or is it merely an unavoidable state of mind?

As a student of history, my answer would be that boredom shows a weakness of mind. Can you imagine Themistocles going about robbing a poor Athenian trader merely because he could find no other amusement? Oh, no. That crafty ancient was always too busy tricking his fellow Greeks into winning a battle for themselves or "cooking up" a scheme to "double-cross" the Spartans until Athens had her walls rebuilt.

Or try to conceive of Julius Caesar as being bored. His active brain was always taking advantage of every little morsel of luck the Goddess of Fortune threw to him, leaving him no time for boredom. Or, to take a more modern great man, can you conceive of Napoleon as bored? His plans for conquering the world left him no time for such a thing as boredom.

So, from history, I would be forced to conclude that boredom is merely a sign of a weak mind. But how often I have felt bored myself! My personal experience makes me dubious about the conclusion drawn from history. For instance, I put off the writing of this essay because I am always terribly bored when beginning a composition. I make innumerable false starts, change from topic to topic, and, when I finally do get started, I usually write a poor essay.

Thus, though the learning of the ages (?) whispers to me that there is no reason for me to ever be bored, the flesh is weak, so to speak, and I feel slightly bored right now.

This essay began with an anecdote about a bored young man. I will try to end it on the same theme because that is, I have heard, a good thing to do.

What happened to the youth? He was sent to the penitentiary, and he wasn't bored while there—he worked too hard for that.

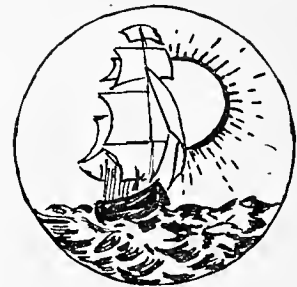
CASTOFFS

*They fade in lonely places,
That once were gay in their pride—
The lost, soft-whispering leaves,
Chill Autumn has cast aside.*

*Pale emerald in the Springtime,
In Summer, a cool green shade;
Lately of warm red rubies
A crown for her they made.*

*Now Autumn, fickle maiden,
Scarce cherishing them a day,
Grown careless of so much beauty,
Has flung them all away.*

—JEAN PHILLIPS, V A.



QUATRAIN

*Tho' time has passed, sweet memories
Thine eyes yet haunt, thy voice.
Still those thoughts, those importunities;
In recollection still I can rejoice.*

—OLIVER INGAMILLS, II B.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

By MARGARET KIRK, V A.

BOBBY stood in front of the radio, trying very hard to swallow a queer, choky lump in his throat and blinking his eyelids very fast to keep the tears from brimming over. He clenched his fists and threw up his head. Men of the advanced age of eight years never cry. He'd learned that at the orphanage, where anything of that nature was dubbed "sniffing," and the offender a "baby."

The orphanage! Just that afternoon he had left it forever and had come to live with his new parents, the Bensons, in their lovely apartment. For two weeks it was to be their home; then they would go to Mexico, where Daddy Benson worked.

Ordinarily he would have loved to listen to the radio. Back at the Orphanage he had been the leader of an improvised orchestra. Betty had been the artist who danced and sang. Sometimes they had pretended to broadcast their programmes. He had often wondered what an orchestra—a real one—sounded like over the radio. Now he had the chance, but he wasn't a bit interested.

Somebody's orchestra from somewhere played on, unheeded by small Bobby as he walked to the other end of the room and disconsolately watched the cars in the street below.

And Betty—there lay the whole trouble. When you are about to lose your only sister you are not interested in orchestras and radios. It had been rather awful when the French lady had taken Betty along with her on her vacation, to be her companion, and to help Betty with her music. But always there had been the comfort that in the fall she would be back, and he would be there to welcome her. Then Mother and Daddy Benson had come and had wanted to adopt Betty and Bobby. But Betty and her guardian could not be located.

He could still hear Matron's casually regretful words as she and mother and daddy had discussed the problem that afternoon.

"So sorry!" she had said. "We just can't seem to get in touch with Betty and her guardian. They are travelling, you know.

If we do hear anything before you leave, we shall let you know."

But in two weeks, perhaps any day now, the call would come, and they would have to go. Betty would come back to the orphanage, but Bobby would be in Mexico.

He just couldn't stand it. Perhaps he could do something himself. If only he could remember that French lady's name. St. . . . St. . . . it wasn't St. Nicholas was it? But no. Why couldn't people have sensible names which a small boy might remember.

Then from the other end of the room he heard the station announcer's voice:

"Now we have the children's hour. To-day we have a special treat. After the story, a little guest-artist is going to sing two songs for you."

Bobby punched a pillow. How he hated smug radio announcers, who always sounded so happy. Children's hours were not meant for the likes of him or Betty.

From the despised instrument there sounded the opening notes of a song he had known and loved at the orphanage.

He whirled about. Betty had often sung that song, and always she had whistled the chorus.

Out upon the absolute stillness of the room, high, clear, joyous as that of a bird, floated a childish voice. There just wasn't any other voice like it. It must be Betty.

Breathlessly he listened to the verse. A pause—then a lilting whistle. It was Betty!

"Mother! Mother! come quick. Its Betty . . . singing over the radio!"

The astonished woman was dragged into the living room, where she heard the closing verse of the song to the accompaniment of a joyous war-dance from Bobby.

Into the midst of this confusion came Mr. Benson.

"Daddy! Daddy! here she is. Don't you hear her? Oh, can't we get her?" Bobby rushed up shouting.

Bobby didn't listen to the low-voiced conversation between Mr. and Mrs. Benson.

(turn to page 92)

THE EFFECT OF "THE PURPLE EYELASH"

By BETTY LEE, III B.



ISH and chips." said the duchess, who had hitherto taken no part in the conversation, "is my favorite dish."

A scream rang through the crowded room, and suddenly—

"Oh, hang the duchess!" With these words, a dishevelled and perspiring young man angrily flung the beginning of the last chapter of "The Purple Eyelash" into the wastebasket. Then, grabbing his coat, he went out to seek the peace and quiet of the great outdoors.

He was young, just about eighteen, with dark hair and blue eyes. He was a great reader of paper-backed novels, thinking and speaking like the heroes in the same. Looking around as he strode manfully on, his eye glanced upward, and, to his consternation, he perceived a lily-white hand waving frantically from an upper window, while a pair of appealing eyes gazed hopelessly down. The young man, who could never leave anyone or anything in distress, dashed heroically into the building where the lovely lady was imprisoned.

Down the halls he ran, the centre of all eyes. Up the stairs he scrambled, falling over the house dog, pushing past everyone he met. On and on he went until he finally reached the room from which he thought the appeal for help had come.

A middle-aged man sat in the room, quietly enjoying his afternoon glass, and reading with frown, chuckles, and frequent grunts, the latest political news. At the sudden and bounding entrance of the young man he dropped his glass, and, opening his mouth, forgot to close it.

Seeing his mistake, the young man sprang backwards through the door and onward, in search of the appealing and tragic eyes.

Back in the room, the middle-aged gentleman, suddenly remembering the unclosed state of his mouth, shut it cautiously, and swore never to touch intoxicating drinks again.

Meanwhile our hero pressed on, followed by a curious crowd who were under

the impression that he was not mentally sound. Into another room and out again he barged with startling rapidity, the door slamming viciously behind him. Breathing a hasty prayer, he plunged into another room.

"Ah!" he breathed. There in front of him was the one whom he sought, still leaning from the window. Grasping her gallantly round the middle he pulled her in, bumping her head, but feeling nevertheless the cause was just. Doffing his hat, he bowed. "Madam, your servant."

The lady did not seem to appreciate his gallantry, for she turned on him with an expression which was far from mild.

"What's the great idea, big boy," she demanded. "Can't a lady wave good-bye to her husband without a crowd collecting?"

With these words she propelled him rapidly to the door, slamming it fiercely behind him. The young man walked disconsolately away, but, remembering something, he hurried back and knocked sharply on the door.

"Madam," he said when she opened it, "I made a very sad and most regrettable mistake, and I offer you my most sincere and humble apologies."

Clapping his hat on his head firmly, he strode off, swinging his father's cane jauntily.

That evening after consuming a hearty meal, he again sat down at his desk, and, drawing a sheet of paper towards him, he began to write rapidly.

"Fish and chips," said the duchess, who had hitherto taken no part in the conversation, "is my favorite dish."

A scream ran through the crowded room, and suddenly . . .

*I would live like an elf where the wild
grapes cling,*

*I would chase the thrush from the red
rose-berries.*

*All the day long I would laugh and sing
With the black choke-cherries.*

—Marjorie Pickthall.

PETS

By ELLEN MCKAY, IV A.



HERE could be no more appropriate time, it seems to me, to be required to write my convictions on pets than at the present, when I am in deep mourning over the loss of my pet kitten. My experience with pets has been a very bitter one, for I have lost three kittens in the last year. Nevertheless, I still retain my fondness for them.

What is more "homey" on a winter's night than a nice sleek cat purring by the fire, or a dog watching your every movement from his station beside your chair; or even a canary singing in his cage, as he hops nimbly from side to side and peers out at you with his beady eyes? Their presence adds to a home an air of contentment which is lacking without them.

Pets supply us with a certain amount of pleasure, too. Who has not been amused by the clumsy antics of a puppy or kitten? Anyone who can derive no amusement from such a performance is indeed dull. And what satisfaction and enjoyment the faithful attention of a pet gives us! To know that our pets will do things at our bidding that they will do for no one else, seems to give us great pleasure. There is, therefore, no doubt that pets do give us some enjoyment.

Of course, there are those who always look on the dark side of the question, and say that pets are not worth their trouble. Although it must be admitted that a lover of pets must overlook a great deal of trouble, still this accusation can hardly be justified. Dogs and cats do seem to be always barking or meowing to get out of the house when they are in, and making a fuss to get in when they are out, but this is simply one way in which they are like us poor humans. We, too, always want the opposite to what we have. Then, when we are in a great hurry, our pets immediately begin to howl with starvation. They are under our feet wherever we go, and we usually end up by stepping on them. In spite of our hurry, we immediately stop and feed them, being careful to give an extra helping to pay for

damages. Yes! there are some disadvantages in having pets, but anything worthwhile costs something.

There is one objection to pets which I am sure you have often heard, for it is an old argument. "Oh, yes, pets are all right, but one becomes so attached to them that when they are killed or lost, one feels so badly." In spite of my own bitter experience along this line, I can still say with Tennyson, "'Tis better to have loved and



lost, than never to have loved at all." Probably an apology is due to that gentleman, since his most stirring thought was not written with regards to pets, but it seems to me to be very appropriate and very true, even in the case of pets.

Well! After all has been said and done, and the experience of my lifetime with pets has been seriously thought over, I still maintain that pets are more to be adored than abhorred, and if someone were to offer me a pet tomorrow, I do believe I would accept his offer.

BARTIMAEUS

*In that first moment when the light of day
Blazed in my startled eyes,
And suddenly I saw the fiery fields,
The dazzling skies,
And all the shining folks, with faces blank
In yet unvoiced surprise,
I loathed this unkind world—
So fiercely bright:
Closed my new-opened eyes,
Shut out the light,
Turned to the gloom again,
Quenched the first spark—
Glad, oh so glad to find
The dear familiar dark!
The dark again. The dark.
The dear familiar dark.*

—LLOYD STEVENSON, III D.

SCHOLARSHIPS AND AWARDS

UNIVERSITY SCHOLARSHIPS, 1933

The school year of 1932-33 saw the Upper School registration in the London South Collegiate Institute pass the hundred mark for the first time. Usually a heavy increase in attendance is accompanied by a lower average of academic achievement, but this, fortunately, was not the situation in this case. Not only was the record of papers passed at a high level, but the number of first class honours showed a remarkable increase over that of previous years. Among the large number of successful students, several were awarded scholarships by the University of Western Ontario on the results of the 1933 Honour Matriculation examinations.

The General Proficiency Scholarship for highest standing in English, History, Mathematics, Latin and one other language, of a value of \$500.00, was awarded to Norman Farrow. He also ranked first for the General Proficiency Scholarship in English, History, Mathematics, one Science and one Language. As well as ranking first for these two of the three General Proficiency Scholarships, Norman ranked first for three other scholarships of smaller value. His final record of ten first and one second class honours in quite in keeping with his yearly record during his whole five years in the Collegiate Institute.

The scholarship for highest standing in Biology, Algebra, Geometry and two other papers, of a value of \$250.00, was awarded to Paul Croly. He also was awarded a Leonard Foundation Scholarship of a value of \$125.00. The scholarship for

highest standing in French, of a value of \$125.00, was awarded to Harold White. A Special Tuition Scholarship, entitling the winner to two years' free tuition, of a value of \$200.00, found Clarence Coleman and Gordon Matheson tied for standing.

To these scholarship winners and also to several others who, as undergraduates, won University of Western Ontario Scholarships this year, we wish to express our heartiest congratulations and fondest hopes that they may continue to bring honour to themselves and credit to their Collegiate Institute.

Mr. Thomas E. Wilson of Chicago, an old London boy, and graduate of the Ontario Agricultural College, offered three scholarships, each of a value of \$300.00, to be awarded each year to students graduating from the London Collegiate Institutes and desiring to enter the O. A. C. at Guelph. Howard Phillips was awarded one of these scholarships for 1933, and has now joined the three others at that institution who have won these scholarships in the last two years, namely, Frank Love, John McKay and Lloyd Doan.

The first Carter Scholarship for Middlesex County, of a value of \$100.00 cash, for highest standing in the county on ten papers of Upper School work was awarded to Norman Farrow of the London South Collegiate Institute. We wish most sincerely to congratulate Norman on this further recognition of his excellent standing in Upper School, and hope that abundant success may attend his efforts during his University course.





MEDALS

Back Row—M. Geiger, W. Archer, W. Pace, B. Ford, L. Stevenson, G. Jeffery, H. Kimber, J. Jarmain.
 Middle Row—J. Breakspeare, B. Planitz, E. Smillie, E. Fothergill.
 Bottom Row—L. Williams, W. Dicks, W. Jarmain.

WHISKARD SCHOLARSHIPS AND OTHER PRIZE WINNERS, 1955

The late Mr. T. G. Whiskard left an endowment to the London Collegiate Institutes, the interest from which provides an excellent group of cash scholarships for each of the Collegiate Institutes. From London South's share of this interest a group of seven "Whiskard Scholarships" is provided. These scholarships, along with the splendid group of medals donated each year by members of the London South Collegiate Parents' Association and other staunch friends, provide this school with an outstanding group of prizes well distributed throughout all phases of school activity, academic, literary and athletic. To the donors of these medals, we wish to express again our deepest gratitude for their continued interest and support, even under the present trying times of financial depression.

Two scholarships, each of the value of \$20.00, were awarded to the students who ranked first and second on the regular Fourth Year subjects: Won by William Jarmain and Leverne Williams.

Two scholarships, each of the value of \$20.00, were awarded to the students who ranked first and second on the regular Third Year subjects: Won by Mary Geiger and Joan Breakspeare.

Two scholarships, each of the value of \$15.00, were awarded to the students who ranked first and second on the regular matriculation work of the First and Second years combined: Won by Harry Kimber and Wilfred Dicks.

A Special Whiskard Scholarship of \$15.00 was awarded to Betty Planitz.

The gold medal presented by G. F. Copeland, Esq., for highest standing in Upper School English of the Fourth Year: Won by Eunice Smillie.

The gold medal presented by Orchard

Brothers, for general proficiency in the Fourth Year: Won by William Jarmain.

The gold medal presented by C. B. Chapman, Esq., for general proficiency in the Third Year: Won by Mary Geiger.

The gold medal presented by Rowland Hill, Esq., for general proficiency in the second year: Won by Wilfred Dicks.

The gold medal presented by W. A. Martin, Esq., for boys' general proficiency in the First Year: Won by Gordon Jeffery.

The gold medal presented by Edgar A. Jeffery, Esq., for girls' general proficiency in the First Year: Won by Jean Jarmain.

The gold medal presented by Howard Hartry, Esq., for highest standing in Lower School Biology: Won by Lloyd Stevenson.

The gold medal presented by A. R. Cairncross, Esq., for greatest improvement in Second Year over First Year work, in the subjects covering the matriculation course: Won by William Archer.

The gold medal presented by B. N. Campbell, Esq., for highest standing in Third Year Canadian History: Won by Eleanor Fothergill.

The gold medal presented by John Col-lison, Esq., for highest standing in Lower School Art: Won by Lloyd Stevenson.

The gold medal presented by the 1931 Graduating Class, awarded annually to the Upper School graduate who has rendered the most distinctive service to the school, in the student activities, has developed the highest plane of sportsman-ship and has taken a satisfactory academic course: Won by Robert Ford.

The gold medal presented by Rev. B. W. Thompson, awarded to the boy of the Third, Fourth or Fifth Year, who plays regularly on one of the W.O.S.S.A. Junior or Senior rugby, basketball or hockey teams and obtains the highest ranking on the subjects of one of the regular courses requiring at least seven papers. The boy must obtain an average of at least 66% on all the subjects concerned: Won by William Pace.

—T. S. H. GRAHAM.

WITH APOLOGIES TO
WILLIAM BLAKE

*South, South, goes to fight
On what rugby field tonight?
Wil' a mighty team from Beck
Seek the hopes of South to wreck?*

*On what distant football field
Will our men the pigskin wield?
On whose lips the hip-hike call?
Whose fast hands receive the ball?*

*When the whistle loud does blow,
What dread teams in line will go?
Whose educated toe, whose legs
Will spin that ball between the pegs?*

*What a coach directs our team
And makes the players keep up steam!
And what lusty rah-rah calls
Make them all forget their falls!*

*And when the half-time whistles blow,
Flat upon the turf they'll go.
The coach does smile his men to see;
"Get in and fight there, gang!" says he.*

*South, South, goes to fight
On what rugby field tonight?
Will a mighty team from Beck
Seek the hopes of South to wreck?*

—RUSSELL CUSHMAN, III B.

SCHOOL NEWS



AND don't we love it; the social part of our school life, as well as the inside dope. When I say dope, I mean good jokes that only a few know about each other. This year, THE ORACLE has featured school news and short stories. As a matter of fact, there is no limit to school news. It includes anything and everything, so don't be surprised or puzzled at anything you may find in the following pages. Whatever it is, it's original and has been done by the students. As you read through the pages, no doubt you will perceive, in many cases, that school spirit and loyalty have been especially stressed. This is not for reading matter nor bluff, but it comes

natural to everyone, as well as those who contribute articles. An under-current of pride, and perhaps affection, has come to the surface here and there, and we in the school know it is sincere and would like to shout it to the world.

In school news we have tried to give you a summary of our social life and school fun and the talent of a few of our students. Even a small place has been reserved for gossip and scandal of a few who will be mostly affected by it. In this section, anyone is allowed to express their opinion on school matters and such, to a certain degree. We, the editors, have enjoyed our work, and truly hope you will be interested and receive some of the spirit put into it.

—DORIS BLACKALL, V A.

L. S. C. I. ORATORY

Once more South students excelled themselves in the realm of public speaking. Each year the students of the various forms are given an opportunity to demonstrate their ability in Oratory, and this year the competition was exceptionally keen. These contests offer a very beneficial training to the students, and in this way help in producing respectable and worthwhile citizens.

After preliminaries had been held, two contestants were chosen from each section. In the Junior Girls' contest Frances Winters spoke on "The Marvellous Story of Hydro," and Jessie Williams chose as her subject, "Pioneer Life in London." Both these girls were in first year and are to be congratulated on their splendid achievement.

In the Senior Girls' contest, Ruth Donahue had as her subject "What Shall I Read?" while Dorothy Cameron gave an interesting account of "The National Playground."

In the Junior Girls' division Frances Winters was awarded the Wortley Road Mothers' Club medal, and Ruth Donahue was presented with Dr. A. E. Santo's medal in the Senior Girls' division.

In the Junior Boys' contest Roy Deven-

ish presented the subject, "What Is Success?" while Gordon Jeffery discussed the question, "What Shall I Read?"

In the Senior Boys' contest, Osborne Littleford had as his subject, "Our Debt to Ancient Greece," while John Kidd chose as his, "The Preservation of Our Forests."

The Tecumseh School Mothers' Club presented their medal to Gordon Jeffery, and in the Senior Boys' contest, John Kidd was presented with Wendell Holmes' medal.

It has been the custom of the school that the winners in the contest of the previous year may challenge winners of the following year's contest, and this year two of last year's winners made use of this privilege. Jean Axford, Senior Girl winner of 1932, having as her subject, "Galileo," challenged Ruth Donahue, who was successful in retaining her title.

Wilfred Dicks, winner in Junior Boys' contest last year, who had as his subject, "The Heavens Filled with Commerce," was successful again this year.

All these speakers spoke in an admirable manner and deserve the wholehearted support and congratulations of the school.

—EVELINA THOMPSON, V A.

We learn from a reliable source that Mr. Calvert is organizing a clam-racing club.

To become a member it will be necessary to supply your own clams.

It is stated that the course will be a given number of turns around a large fish bowl on Mr. Calvert's desk. Clams which attempt to take short cuts across the bowl will be disqualified. Racers will be permitted to encourage their clams in any way they please. However, the infliction of pain to the rear end of a clam, unlike similar treatment to other animals, causes an instantaneous and aggravating cessation of movement, which may continue for hours, during which time the animal rivals may cover several inches, thereby giving the poor creature a really discouraging handicap.

An alarm clock has been offered to the officials for timing the specimen.

The chief difficulty to be overcome in this great venture is that no one has yet offered to wind the clock during the race. The purchase of an eight-day clock, however, may overcome this.

* * *

Mr. Armstrong recently promised dire penalties to anyone caught chewing gum in his classrooms. We would suggest that the honored Mr. Armstrong place a waste basket under each desk for the convenience of students. Mr. McNeil, on the contrary, has never been known to discourage the practice. It has been suggested that he holds shares in the Wrigley Company.

A budding genius recently presented Mr. Ireland with a Florence flask containing a blown-up balloon. Determined not to be outdone, this gentleman burst eleven balloons, one after the other, trying to push them into one (a Florence flask while blown up). His inventive genius finally came to the rescue, and he placed a teaspoonful of baking powder and a little water in a balloon, corked it, and pushed it into the flask before it had time to blow up. Unfortunately the quantity of baking powder was more than sufficient and the cork flew out, wounding the august gentleman in two places (eye and feelings).

It seems each year that the "At Home" is better, and last year the "At Home" held on Friday, February the fourth, was certainly no exception. It was the best yet.

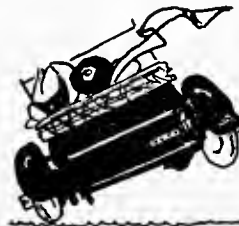
The programme, which began at eight-thirty in the auditorium, was most enjoyable. Among the numbers was a dance by Netta Morrison to start things, followed by a humorous skit put on by a few of the boys, "Shot at Sundown." Bill Hartry favored us with a selection on his clarinet, and last but not least, a more serious play was presented, "The Favour of Lady Leone," starring Libby Pegg and very ably directed by Mrs. Carr-Harris.

After this part of the programme we adjourned to the gym, which was decorated in metallic gold and midnight blue and transformed into a magnificent ballroom. As we entered we could scarcely remember it as the bare, bleak room where we play basketball, swing on rings and do stunts.

In the gymnasium, all the girls received as favours a box of Hunt's chocolates. The St. Thomas Royal Collegians furnished grand music and we had numerous novelty dances. It was a great evening. All were dressed in their best, their faces beaming with joy, and before they left they silently, if not loudly, voted the "At Home" a huge success.

We must not forget those behind the scenes who worked for weeks to put this over. Those in charge were: Mr. Armstrong, convener, and his committee, Frank Kunz, Bus Wideman, Bill Hartry, Marny Pegg, Lucille Morrison, Keith Coates, Orian Orchard and Nora McEwing.

—PEGGY ELLWOOD, III D.



CRANK

(Noun, Verb or Adjective?)



T OLO, in Betchasquaniland, a revolution was in progress. The village population was there in its entirety, which, since Olo is not in a thickly populated district, did not reach alarming proportions. The crowd, in fact, consisted of three important-looking gentlemen, very much gone to seed, three equally antiquated women, and twenty-odd urchins. According to the standard adopted in most European countries, the group possessed about enough clothes among them to exchange with the rag-and-bone man for a pink-and-yellow balloon. As far as I am concerned, the balloon would be preferable, but then, of course, I am prejudiced.

At this point I might say that the whole population was tinted a beautiful, rich, burnt sienna. Why they assumed this colour I am not prepared to say; they may have been born with it, or it may have accumulated. Ask a Pullman porter next time you patronize the railway.

But, to return to the revolution: To be strictly correct, it was not a revolution at all, but a spasmodic succession of revolutions.

* * *

Felix Baer, the wild-cat hunter, was trekking through the country in his faithful steed, to wit, a 1919 Ford. For some obscure reason, this conveyance had decided to balk right in the centre of the main street of the village, and was blocking the right-of-way and spoiling the view. Since Mr. Baer's chariot was not blessed with any such up-to-date appendage as a self-starter, it was painfully necessary to cause its enlivenment by hand. Furthermore, since the crank had long since been worn out by previous ceremonies of this kind, he had resorted to the not-uncommon practice of hoisting the posterior end of the vehicle onto some convenient prop, thereby raising one hind wheel to an elevated position above terra firma, and causing this useful accessory to revolve more or less vigorously, under the influence of muscular effort.

After three or four dozen particularly vicious turns, a loud "Pop" emanated from the interior of the machine under treatment, and a quantity of black smoke proceeded from all its visible ventages, whereupon the villagers retreated hurriedly (and with impunity) to a safe distance.

Ford shuddered and was still.

This appeared to be an encouraging sign, however, for Mr. Baer redoubled his efforts. They were soon rewarded. The



revolutions acquired an undignified haste; the body shook and jittered and roared. The radiator cap fell off in the excitement.

Mr. Baer carefully adjusted the steering mechanism, and retrieved the radiator cap. Then, assuming an air of concentrated preparedness, by means of a vicious pedal effort, he removed the prop from beneath the rear axle. A shower of sand enveloped the intrepid explorer, but this must have been expected, for he uttered no extreme ejaculations of surprise or anger.

The populace again retreated.

Since Felix' steed was not capable of a velocity much in excess of nine miles an hour, he soon overtook it, and managed to reach the accepted position at the correct end of the control mechanism.

Felix Baer was off on his quest for new worlds to conquer.

Peace reigned again in Olo village.

—OLIVER INGAMILLS, II B.

LITERARY SOCIETY AND SCHOOL LIFE

The Literary Society is a very important part of our school life. The executive plans all social activities of the student body. It finances the orchestra, a very important organization in our school. Lit. meetings are held in the auditorium, usually once every three months, at which we have a programme arranged by our vice-president. The executive meets twice a month to carry on the business of the Literary Society with the help of Mr. Urlin, the business manager.

Members of the South Collegiate Literary Society, let us make this a big year; let us try to make 1933-4 the best year South Collegiate has ever had. We will all have to pull together and do our best if we want to make it better than last year. In 1932-3 we were successful in sports and studies alike. We had our share of cups and scholarship students. We had many

little parties and dances. Our dramatics and operettas were quite a success, especially financially. Nevertheless, I believe this year can be better if everyone will help.

On September 21 the new "Lit" executive held its first meeting, at which convenors for the various activities were chosen. We know these convenors will do their best, and if they should ask any member to contribute time or talent in any way, I know their request will be granted. Let us revive again some of that good old "South Spirit."

—CHESTER HANCOCK, V B.

* * * *

HEAR ! HEAR !

The school orchestra, directed by Mr. Byles, got under way and was able to play to the school on Thursday, October 5th. This is the earliest hearing from the orchestra in many years.



EXECUTIVE OF LITERARY SOCIETY

Back Row—B. Ferris, V. Clarke, M. Black, I. Orendorf, Mr. W. R. Urlin, K. Jones, B. Planitz, J. Bowman.
Middle Row—Mr. H. G. Wonnacott, W. Archer, H. Trace, C. Hancock (President), Mr. T. S. H. Graham, E. Knowles, Mrs. M. Carr-Harris.
Bottom Row—R. Shannon, B. Falls.
Absent—J. Carnegie.

THE CHICAGO WORLD'S FAIR

The Century of Progress Exhibition, held in Chicago this last summer, was the largest of its kind ever known in history according to attendance records, and therefore it is one of the most interesting. To really appreciate the exhibition one must go through the buildings and exhibits slowly and carefully so as to enjoy all there is to be seen.

The Century of Progress Exhibition is situated on the lake front at Chicago from 12th to 39th Streets on the south side of Chicago, on filled-in land, that is, land that was once under water. An island was built a short distance from the mainland and many of the buildings of the fair are situated there.

The Century of Progress Exhibition at Chicago is like any ordinary fair, but on a larger scale. It has its barkers, take-a-chance places, cabarets, midway shows, stock shows, and all the other things that go to make up a fair, but besides these things, it has its wonderful buildings, which are examples of modernistic architecture. They are a beautiful sight to see at any time in the day, but more so at night. The beauty of the exhibition depends almost entirely on its lighting system. Millions of candlepower are used every night in the lighting up of the buildings and grounds, but it presents a gorgeous spectacle of beauty and color for those present.

To give you a brief outline of the Fair, we will take an imaginary trip through the Fair grounds. We enter at the 12th Street gate and there are two courses open to us; one, across the bridge to the island, the other, down the midway. We will choose the former.

On the island are several points of interest: the Blue Ribbon Casino, the Jantzen swimming beach, the Horticultural Building, the Electrical Building and the Thrill House. The Blue Ribbon Casino is a very famous dine and dance spot at the Fair because of the presence of Ben Bernie and his orchestra. The Jantzen swimming beach is on the lake

side of the island. Bathing suits are rented there for visitors who wish to take a dip. Swimming and diving contests are held there every day. The Horticultural Building shows the progress of horticulture in the last century. There are many gardens scattered around and one can see practically every flower, adapted to that climate, in bloom. The Electrical Building shows the progress of electricity in the last hundred years. The main exhibition in the Electrical Building is the Bell Telephone exhibit, which shows the progress of the telephone since it was invented up to the present time. Twenty free long distance calls to any part of the United States are sent every day for twenty lucky persons. The Thrill House is a motion picture theatre projecting on the screen censored parts of news reels such as airplane crashes and automobile wrecks. Many exciting moments are spent here.

From the island we will go back over the same bridge, thus bringing us back to the 12th Street gates. From here we start down the midway. As one starts on the midway, he comes to the avenue of flags. This is a street extending for a few blocks at the start of the midway with rows of flags on either side. On this avenue are most of the foreign buildings, such as the German, Chinese, Swedish and Italian. At the end of the avenue of flags the Hall of Science is situated. It is a massive building with a tall tower on the top. From this tower a signal is given every night for the lights to switch on. In the Hall of Science the progress of all different professions is shown, such as dentistry, law, surgery and medicine. The most interesting exhibit in the Hall of Science is probably the "Transparent Man." It is a glass man in which the internal organs can be seen in action. The digestive, respiratory, circulation, and nervous system are all shown in action. There are also many mechanical apparatus which do not appeal to one unless he is mechanically minded. Coming out of the Hall of Science we see before us one of the "Sky Ride" towers. It is a massive



structure of steel towering twenty-five stories in the sky. The other tower is on the island and the rocket double-decker cars run on cables from one tower to the other. One car holds forty passengers.

Going down the midway once again, we come to the Belgian village, which depicts the progress of the Belgian people in the last hundred years. The inhabitants of the Moroccon, which we see next, are busily selling the wares of their country, and the Oriental village is much the same, with the exception of a few cabarets. The Streets of Paris show the life of the Parisians, and the famous and much-discussed Sally Rand fan dance is shown here. From here for quite a way down the midway there is nothing more of great interest except Ripley's "Believe It or Not" Odditorium, where many of his strange freaks are on display.

Farther on down the midway we come to the General Motors Building. In the General Motors Building all the gasoline-driven vehicles made by the aforesaid company are on display. One of the main points of interest of the Fair—the Chevrolet assembling line—is situated here. The making of a Chevrolet automobile is shown from start to finish. They start with the lattice-work on the roof and then put on the body and build around it. A complete automobile is turned out every twenty minutes and, when they are finished, they are driven off the lot under their own power. Across from the General Motors Building is the Chrysler Building. The Chrysler Building is much the same as the General Motors Building except for the assembly line, and the proving grounds for automobiles. Barney Oldfield, the noted race track driver, is in charge here, and at practically any time of the day one can see automobiles being tested.

A short way down the midway is the Travel and Transportation Building. This building depicts the progress of locomotion in every line for the last century. Shown there are the newest and oldest automobiles, airplanes, steam engines, locomotives and box cars. An interesting sight is the \$20,000 Duesenberg automobile. It can attain the speed of 104 m.p.h. in second gear and 140 m.p.h. in high gear. It has a dashboard in the back seat the same as in the front. There are also

two radios in this luxurious automobile. The Travel and Transportation Building is one of the most interesting buildings at the Fair. This is the end of the midway.

It is very late in the night, but still we have seen only a small portion of the Fair, but we are very tired, so we go out at the 39th Street gates, wending our weary but happy way home.

—JOHN F. ANNIBALE, II D.

WHEN D-E-F-E-A-T SPELLS VICTORY

*The game is almost over: Boldly white
The numbers on the big board show the
score,
'Tis forty-one to nothing: At the right
The figure "1" goes up—one minute more.*

*The home team's ball. A sharp voice
snaps, "Let's go!
Formation B, fourteen-eleven-nine,
Six-fifteen. Hep!" The quarter crouches
low,
His hands flick open, take the ball; the line*

*Flings forward like a cresting wave. And
now the play
Takes form, thrusts lineward, swift and
arrow-straight.
It drives. The runner's free! But, no, the
way
Is closed too soon; he's tackled; third and
eight.*

*The crowd streams out; the timer cocks
his gun;
The band stands up; but cager, shrill
again
A voice cuts through the silence: "Takes
just one
To score, gang! Signals! Eight-eleven-
ten"
"And that's the Spirit of South!"*

—N. J. IRELAND.

SOUTH ROOTERS

Where in the City of London can you find a better turnout of rooters to a collegiate game than at a game where South is playing? Every game, rain or shine, win or lose, South rooters are always lined up on the sidelines "doing their part" for their Alma Mater. Teachers and students may be seen sharing each other's opinion as to the winner or loser of the game.

When South is playing away from home field, the rooters follow the teams. In several of the rugby games this season away from South, the number of South supporters was just as great, if not greater, than those of the opposing team. Our teams, with such support behind them, are able to play with every bit of energy they have, and they turn in a good game, win or lose.

Last year our Senior Rugby team went to Sarnia. Many of us will remember that day. It was cold and rained nearly all day. But did that keep us back? Not at all. When the game started at Sarnia, it



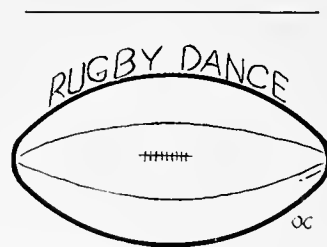
seemed as if half South had followed the team there. We all agreed on the fact that it was the best collegiate game we ever witnessed.

Yet again, we also remember the game of South at Woodstock. About fifty parents of South students were down to see that game. Not only that; every student who saw the game was able to be there without missing a single class. We had two periods before nine in the morning and were able to get out at 2.45 in the afternoon. Even though South was beaten, we all think the game well worth the trip.

This support is the same for our teams in any branch of sport. Though we don't always win, we know how to accept defeat. Such co-operation on the part of the

students is bound to make our school known and respected.

—TOM FAUST, V B.



South Collegiate may well be proud of her 1932 Rugby teams, Senior and Junior; they led us to victory over Beck and Central Collegiates. As a reward of their splendid efforts, Mr. Graham allowed the Boys' Athletic Association to give the school a Rugby Dance to celebrate. All holders of Students' Activities tickets were invited and the doors were thrown open at eight o'clock on Thursday night, December 27th, the last day of the fall term.

The dance was held in the gym, which was gayly festooned with balloons, blown up that afternoon by a few air-minded male inmates with strong lungs. At the east of the gym, on a slightly raised platform, a most competent orchestra played sweet music, while from the balcony colored spotlights were thrown on the floor, giving the whole place a festive appearance.

Towards the end of the evening the orchestra stopped and Mr. Dinsmore, appropriately dressed as Santa Claus, handed out dixie cups. At the same time ginger ale and cookies were procurable in the hall, where a temporary booth had been set up.

At eleven-thirty the orchestra played "God Save the King." We had a wonderful time and it was a perfect ending to a term of hard work. I think the whole student body showed their appreciation by turning out in such large numbers; and, by the way, it dominated their conversations for some weeks.

We haven't forgotten, even now, what a marvelous time we had, nor how indebted we are to the boys for giving us such a party. We only hope that this year they will repeat their efforts and give us another evening of similar entertainment.

—MARY DILLON, IV B.

THE ORACLE PARTY

Last year our party was more successful than ever. We all gathered together in the auditorium for a while, where we first came to entertain ourselves and be entertained.

There was almost vaudeville on the stage (remembering the sailor choruses and Ches Hancock's singing guitar), and a play by the form selling the most Oracles. Old-fashioned songs (popular last year) were sung with great gusto and we adjourned in due time to the gymnasium, which was set up for dancing and games.

There was an orchestra to which you could either keep time by juggling your partner or by juggling your jig-saw, and after a while the floor was even juggled in on a wagon, but there was no puzzle as to where it went.

The party ended up with a bang and was voted by all an overwhelming success.

M. PEGG.

FIFTH YEAR BANQUET

It was the general opinion, at least among fifth year, that the smartest event of the school season year was the Fifth Year Banquet, held on May 26.

This was the night when our hopes and ambitions were raised to the highest point by praise never dreamed of from our teachers.

Even the anticipation of the speeches could not spoil our enjoyment of the delightful supper served by the fourth year girls.

Mr. Graham responded to the toast to the school, given by Jack Crone, and Keith Coates to the toast to the graduates, given by Miss McPherson. Other speakers were Ted Hutchinson, our Fifth Year president; Miss Hilliard, the honorary president, and Mr. Urlin. Carol Balfour gave the valedictory address. A musical number was contributed by Bill Walters on the accordion.

The rest of the evening was spent dancing in the gymnasium, where music was provided by an orchestra.

We left feeling that we had a most delightful and interesting evening.

MARY FERRIS, V B.

BASKETBALL DANCES

On Saturday, March 4th, a "Basketball Dance," the first South Collegiate has ever had, was put on under the auspices of the Boys' Athletic Association. There were two very exciting games—the W.O.S.S.A. Senior boys playing a team of graduates made up of such erstwhile stars as Bill Haysom and Gord. Bloomfield. The score was tied. Then the W.O.S.S.A girls played a graduation team composed of Lois Gidley, Hazel Cole and others. The present girls team won this game.

Later in the evening an orchestra provided dance music, and ginger ale was served.

That the night was a great success was very obvious when a similar event took place on April 29th. This evening proved to be a regular reunion for the many ex-students there, who had attended South in its first years, such as Mr. and Mrs. B. Ellyatt and Mr. and Mrs. E. Hatfield. There were three good games, followed by dancing.

These two events showed once more South's ability to give her students a marvelous time.

—NORA MCEWING, V A.





The Junior "At Home," held on Friday evening, October 27th, took the form of a masquerade party. Only first and second year and the staff were invited. At about eight o'clock the witches, arabs, old-fashioned ladies and gentlemen, pierrots, etc., assembled in the auditorium, where a very enjoyable programme was presented by the committee in charge. There was dancing, reciting and playing. Also an attractive play called "Handicap" was presented by a well-trained cast under the able direction of Mrs. Carr-Harris.

The programme being finished, we assembled in the gymnasium, but as there were too many for group games, the other games, such as checkers, were started in the auditorium, while dancing was carried on in the gym. The draw for lucky number was held, and Tom Owen won the prize. While the dancing was going on lunch was served in the cafeteria, with Mr. Byles and Mr. Wonnacott guarding the doors.

The party was a great success and we would like it to be a masquerade party next year. A great deal of credit is due to Miss McRoberts, who was general convenor.

—JEAN JARMAIN, II C.

LONDON SOUTH PARENTS' ASSOCIATION

Year after year our association performs certain duties which tend to make student life worth while, and it hopes in the near future to have a membership which will enable it, not only to be of greater help and service to the student body, but to be a credit to the school and London South.

Few parents are aware, I believe, of the fact that ours is the only such association carrying on this work west of Toronto. Others have been organized, but interest lagged and they functioned for only a short time, then giving up entirely.

We are to-day confronted with a task, an obligation and a privilege with which every parent in London South should be acquainted. We intend having an open meeting for parents in the auditorium of the school in the near future, at which time we hope every parent will be present. Our aim is to inform you at this meeting of our objective, and we hope you will avail yourselves of this opportunity of becoming familiar with the aims and objective of our, or may I say, your association. May we have your earnest support and presence at this meeting. Ample notice will be given all.

H. O. A. FARROW, *President.*

A CLAM BAKE

A clam bake is one of those things we Ontario people read about, but never see. To most of us these two words mean nothing, but for me, who was fortunate enough to be present at one this summer, they conjure up vivid and lasting memories. The bakes take place on the New England coast and everything about them is tinged with the smell of seaweed.

The manner of baking the clam is very interesting. A large, flat block of cement is heated red-hot by a big fire which is built upon it, and then every trace of charcoal is swept away and the cement covered with eight or ten inches of seaweed. Upon the carpet of weed are placed baskets full of clams which have been dug up beforehand, and also fish, sweet potatoes, dressing, lobster and even chicken sometimes. All this is covered with a huge tarpaulin and the steam oozing up through the weed cooks everything.

After an hour or so the tarpaulin is removed and supper begins. Clam chowder is first, and REAL clam chowder, not canned. (Of course, in New England it is "clam chawdah.") Then come the clams, and you find that you are completely ignorant in the science of eating them! You are told to break open the shell, remove the filmy cloak surrounding the clam, dip it in melted butter and eat it. And they are good, believe it or not! So good that the veteran clam-eater can eat whole dishes full of them and never bat an eyelash.

And so, although you are a perfectly

ignorant, insignificant know-nothing at the bake, you find that when you come home you are an authority on "How to Behave at a Clam-Bake."

—HELEN TRACE, V B.

AN OVER-EXAGGERATED IDEA OF WHAT WE LIKE IN SCHOOL IMPROVEMENTS

By a Second Year Student

Last year, in first year, we had to write an essay on "Improvements of Our School." I didn't write what I really wanted to; for one reason, I didn't know, and also because you might have thought me slightly dizzy. However, this year I will put forth a brave effort.

The first improvement that I think would be most appreciated by one and all is an escalator. Instead of walking sedately upstairs, or falling down, think how grand it would be to step on a felt-covered escalator and be taken up and down. Those who are too tardy to stand could sit down and perhaps get that last algebra question done. When we reach the top of the stairs, we would sink in

Baby Austins and drive down the corridors to our classrooms. After classes it would be great if we could spare a minute or two to get a soda or lime rickey at a soda fountain.

At the east side of the school we could have a tennis court (maybe we will), where the school tennis tournament could be held. Just think of how many students would come early to indulge in a set or two and perhaps get in school on time.

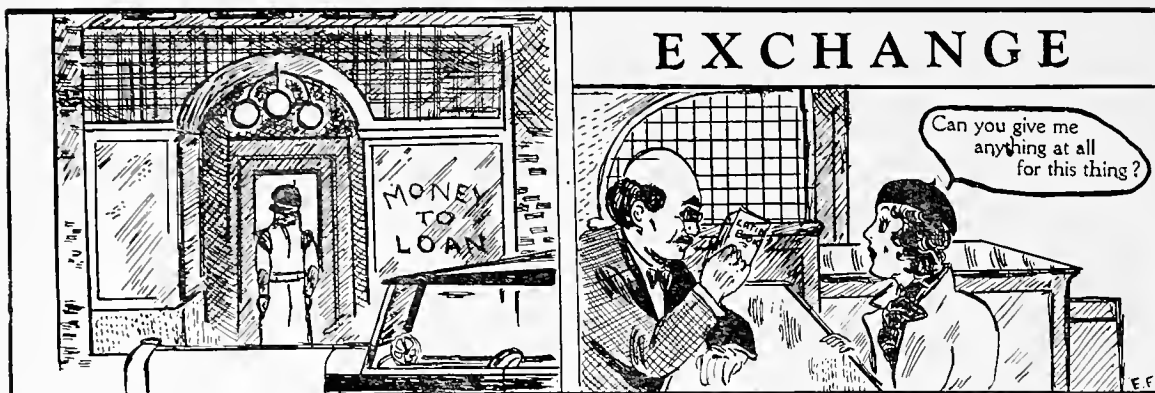
Although the home work is not too much to complain of (?) (remember I am only in second year), if we had shorter hours we could go to the afternoon show—provided we did not have an unbreakable appointment in Room 13. Imagine the high marks we would get if Mr. Graham put the examination papers on the bulletin board at least one week before examinations start!

And to top things off, we should have lounging chairs and a radio in the office for those who expect a long wait before seeing Mr. Graham or Mr. Urlin.

With all these improvements, who would want to play hookey from school?

—IRENE ROACH, II D.





Editor, GEORGE FLEMMING, VA

This year the work of the exchange editor has been even more interesting than in former years. The depression, not content with harassing all other businesses and pleasures, has seriously threatened the existence of many of the best school magazines, and, in a few cases, has caused them to cease operations indefinitely. Casting no reflections whatever, may we repeat that it has been interesting to see how many of our contemporaries have been able to come through with as good a magazine as before.

As exchange editor, we naturally turned first to the exchange columns of the other magazines. We found *The Red and White*, of St. Dunstan's University, the most useful of any we read. Space does not permit us to print the compliments which other schools invariably heaped upon us. It is enough to say that we saw and appreciated all of them. We liked the way *The Parkdalian*, of Parkdale C. I., Toronto, and *The Volt*, of Ingersoll C. I., were handled, and we thought the cartoons in the Exchange page of the *Acta Studentium* were very original.

We found all the short stories interesting and well written. *The Grumbler*, of Kitchener and Waterloo C. I., seemed to specialize in them, at the expense of some of the smaller sections of their magazine. We can make no attempt to list them in order of merit, but other schools with good literary sections were: *The Norvoc*, of the Northern Vocational School; *The Tattler*, of Tillsonburg C. I.; *The Echoes*, of Peterborough; *The Cranleighian*, of Cranleigh School, Bedford, Surrey; *The Oracle*, of Fort William, and *The Techalogue*, of the

Technical C. I., Saskatoon. Poetry, too, was well represented, perhaps best by *The Lantern*, of Beck C. I., London.

The more important sports, such as rugby and basketball, were all so well written up that we found ourselves turning to the smaller headings, such as tennis, swimming, skiing, boxing and rowing, before making any decision. These sports are, of course, beyond the reach of many schools, and for this reason are more interesting. We thought the descriptions of sport particularly vivid in *The Magnet*, of Jarvis C. I., Toronto; *The Acta Nostra*, of Guelph; *The Review*, of Central C. I., London, and *The Collegian*, of Stratford C. I.

Illustrations, cartoons and headings can, of course, make or mar any magazine. Cartoons were often lacking where they might have made a considerable improvement. For art in general, we preferred *The Lantern*, of Beck C. I., London. As regards arrangement, we thought *The Norvoc*, of Northern Vocational School, could have done much better. *The Muse*, of Malvern C. I., sets them a very fine example of effective arrangement. The photographs in the magazine of the Kelvin Tech would have to be much clearer to be of any use to an outsider and, on the other hand, those of *The Lux Glebana* of Glebe C. I., were very good.

The jokes, as a whole, were poor. There were some good ones, but one had to hunt too hard to find them. However, humor is not extinct, for we found *The Jungle*, in *The Red and White*, and in *The Acta*

(turn to page 88)



Editeur, MARJORY LEE, VA

Editrice Consultante, Mlle. M. K. MACPHERSON.

UNE PROVINCE HISTORIQUE

A la province de Québec appartient l'honneur d'être la plus vieille province du Canada. C'est une province historique, pleine de riches mémoires de l'ancien régime de France. Avec ses monuments aux grands héros et ses bâtiments du dix-septième siècle qui s'y sont trouvés, Québec est un pays de l'étonnement.

Le capitol, Québec, est la ville des souvenirs. Fièrement sur sa roche elle demeure dans la mémoire du passé. Jacques Cartier, Champlain et Montcalm restent à côté des grands chemins et montent la garde sur la ville qu'ils ont trouvé ou défendu.

La ville de Montréal, la plus grande ville du Canada, était trouvée, le seize mai, mil seize cent quarante-deux par Paul Chomedey de Maisonneuve et était connu sous le nom de Ville-Marie. Ville-Marie a passé par beaucoup de périls quand elle était entourée par les Iroquois. Plus tard quand la France et l'Angleterre luttaient pour la suprématie, Montréal a montré la valeur des soldats français. Quand la nouvelle Angleterre s'est arrachée de la vieille Angleterre, la fidélité à l'Angleterre a conservé la ville. Montréal est unique parmi de grandes villes et a une caractère de sa façon.

Il y a plusieurs stations d'été en Québec. Près de Trois Pistoles sont Bic et Cacouna. Dans la péninsule Gaspé bien des gens vont pour leurs vacances. La langue française est parlée le long de la côte du nord et la langue anglaise et la langue française le long de la Baie de Chaleurs. Les gens ont conservé les vieilles mœurs et coutumes de leurs ancêtres.

—BLANCHE STAUFFER, V C.

SOUTH C. I.

NOTRE SOEUR - Province Quebec

Une des premières différences qu'on remarque entre la campagne du Québec, et celle de l'Ontario est la différence de la forme des champs. Les champs du Québec sont tous de formes rectangulaires, et de dimensions presque égales. Ils sont longs et très étroits, et sont limités par des clôtures de pieux. Le terrain est très accidenté et les nombreuses digues de roches qu'on y aperçoit dans le centre de chacun démontrent une terre moins productive que celle de nos régions. Les patates et le foin constituent la récolte principale. Beaucoup de granges ont des formes octogonales, ce qui nous a paru



bien étrange. Les vieux fours sont très typiques de la province de Québec. Le pain et les fèves, qu'on y fait cuire, ont un goût délicieux et tout à fait différent. On ne voit rien qui puisse se comparer avec les petites maisons blanches, une grande cheminée à chaque bout, les granges blanches aussi, et les fours d'argile, tout près de la route. Je ne dois pas oublier le majestueux Saint-Laurent—ce beau fleuve qui ajoute tant au charme du paysage. Québec est plein d'attraits et il ne manque jamais de fascinations au voyageur.

—KATHLEEN MILLIGAN, '36, U.W.O.

page forty-five

Une chose qu'on remarque toujours en Québec est la religion du peuple. Dans chaque paroisse l'église occupe la place la plus centrale qui domine tout le village. Les églises elles-mêmes sont grandes, imposantes, généralement construites en pierre taillée ou en pierre des champs, telles qu'on ne trouve ici que dans les grandes villes. Cela signifie la place de l'église dans la vie des Canadiens-Français. Le dimanche toutes les familles, non seulement du village mais de la campagne des environs viennent rendre leur hommage au pied de l'autel. Les voitures à quatre (une famille canadienne a besoin de plus de quatre places) et les chevaux donnent une couleur locale à la scène.

L'église a toujours les cloches, qui sonnent souvent pendant la journée commençant à cinq heures du matin avec l'angélus, puis les prières. A midi l'angélus sonne encore et à sept heures du soir. (On peut régler sa montre par l'angélus.) Il est bien touchant d'entendre les cloches au crépuscule. Personne ne meurt pas, ne se marie pas, n'est pas confirmé sans que les cloches sonnent, et on ne doit pas oublier les baptêmes!

Dans les maisons on trouve encore des témoins de leur foi, dans les gravures pieuses—de la Vierge Marie avec le cœur sanglant et d'autres du même genre.

Le curé est vraiment le père de sa paroisse. Il s'intéresse à tout ce qui touche le bien de ses paroissiens. A un séance des fermières il a critiqué les tapis parce que les couleurs ne se mariaient pas bien!

—RUBY STAUFFER.

POUR RIRE

Deux amis de collège qui ne s'étaient pas vus depuis longtemps se rencontrent sur les boulevards:

—Je suis content de te rencontrer, dit l'un d'eux. Veux-tu déjeuner avec moi?

—Avec plaisir. Tu es trop aimable...

—Eh bien! Rentre vite chez toi et dis qu'on mette mon couvert.

* * *

Le client: La pâte pour les chaussures que vous m'avez vendue n'a pas les qualités que vous lui prêtez. C'est un vol.

Le marchand: Je vous assure qu'elle conserve les chaussures indéfiniment.

Le client: Pas du tout monsieur! Le même jour on me les volait à la porte d'une chambre d'hôtel.

* * *

Grand-père essaye d'initier sa petite fille sur les mathématiques...

—Si je te donnais dix sous par jour, combien aurais-tu à la fin de la semaine?

—3 fr. 50, grand-père.

—Bien répondu, fillette. Pour ta récompense, voici les 3 fr. 50.

—Oh! grand-père, comme je regrette de n'avoir pas dit que cela faisait 5 francs!

* * *

Deux petites filles se promènent dans un pré où paissent deux vaches, une blanche et une noire.

—Tu vois, dit l'aînée, ces deux belles vaches de couleur différente?

—Oui.

—Eh bien! C'est la vache blanche qui donne le lait, et la vache noire qui donne le café.



Cette petite église de Tadoussac était la première église chrétienne au Canada. Elle était construite en 1648 bien que les Jésuites y travaillent depuis 1617.

LE CERCLE FRANCAIS

Cet an nous avons commencé notre cercle français de plus bonne heure. A la première réunion nous avons choisi le comité, qui se compose de Betty Planitz, Gertrude Beaton, Ruth Donahue, Joan Breakspeare, John Kidd et Walter Griggs. Nous avons soixante-quinze membres. Nous devons parler seulement français. Nos réunions sont très intéressantes et nous nous amusons beaucoup.

—MARJORY LEE, V B.

Nous sommes contents de savoir, que d'anciens élèves de notre école ont passé deux mois de l'été de 1933 dans la province de Québec à Trois Pistoles où ils ont suivi un cours d'été sous la direction de l'University de Western Ontario. Ruby Stauffer, Kathleen Milligan, Ruby Hamlyn et Jack Holmes se sont bien amusés dans ce village charmant.

Nous sommes aussi contents de dire que Mlle. Jean Walsh (qui est maintenant institutrice à Sarnia Collegiate) a passé quelque temps à Paris l'été dernier.

Ces élèves, que je vais nommer ont passé quelque temps à Montréal ou à Québec cet été—T. Butt, V. Prior, D. Fraser, R. Donahue, B. McCulloch, R. Cram, B. Haskett.

L'histoire la plus favorite des Trois Pistoles, c'est celle qui se trouva la veille de Noël en 1839.

Il faisait très beau et les gens, s'apercevant sur la glace des tas noirs et mouvants, se dispersèrent pour abattre ces loup-marins.

Le soir, pendant que les deux cents hommes disputaient leur propriété, la glace s'était détachée de la rive. "Sauvez-vous!" s'écria la foule sur la rive, "la glace va au large!"

Le vent poussait l'île de glace plus au large d'instant en instant. Le prêtre essayait d'encourager la foule effrayée sur la rive. "A genoux, mes enfants," ordonna-t-il. "Je vais donner l'absolution aux gens sur la glace!" Les gens sur la glace promirent tous ériger une croix sur l'endroit où ils seraient sauvés.

Tout à coup le vent changea de direction et commença à pousser l'île flottante vers le petit Rasade, un îlot rocailleux.

Tout le monde était sauvé.

Nous avons vu, cet été, sur cet îlot, la croix de pierre que les gens des Trois Pistoles ont dressée en souvenir de leur sauvetage miraculeux.

—RUBY W. HAMLYN.



LESEN SIE DEUTSCHE

Redakteur—Hetty Mann

Des Bettlers Glück

Fritz war ein Bettler. Er hatte nie gearbeitet. Er arbeitete nicht. Er wollte nie arbeiten. Eines Tages war er hungrig und er klopfte an die Tür eines Hauses.

Eine alte Frau kam zu der Tür, Bitte, meine gute Frau, werden Sie mir "etwas geben? Ich bin sehr hungrig."

"Mein armer Mann, würde ich gern Ihnen etwas geben, aber wir sind sehr arm. Wollen Sie für etwas arbeiten?"

"Ja—ja—wohl, denke ich so," sagte der Bettler, widerstrebend. "Die Arbeit wird nicht zu schwer sein, nicht wahr?"

"Kommen Sie, und ich werde sie Ihnen zeigen," antwortete die Alte.

Worauf führte sie in die Scheune hinter dem Hause hin. Zeigend ihm Pfahl von Holz, sagte sie: "Tragen Sie das Holz in das Haus und ich werde Ihnen ein Mahl geben."

"Ah, aber ich habe während drei Tage nicht gegessen! Ich bin nicht genug stark, um das zu tun," rief der Bettler aus.

"Wohl, müssen wir einige Arbeit finden, die leicht zu tun ist," setzte die Alte fort und sie grinste schlaue.

"Ah, ich weiß gerade das Ding. Folgen Sie mir." Dann führte sie ihn gegen die fernste Ecke des Hofes, wo ein grosser Hund zu einem Hundestall gebunden war.

"Wenn Sie den Hund für mich waschen, werde ich Ihnen ein gutes Mahl geben."

"Er ist ein grosser Hund, nicht wahr. Ich habe nicht Stärke, um ihn zu halten, wenn er versucht fortzurennen," brummte Fritz, "Geben Sie mir zuerst etwas, bitte."

"Ah, ich sehe jetzt. Sie werden zuerst die Belohnung bekommen und dann werden Sie nicht meinen Hund waschen. Nein, Sie müssen jetzt das tun oder Sie werden nichts bekommen."

"Sehr wohl, werde ich tun was Sie sagen," murrte Fritz.

Lehrerin Redakteur—Fräulein Macpherson

Die Alte band den Hund auf und äuberte "nach ihm." Der Bettler rannte. Der Hund rannte.

Wir wissen nicht, ob der Hund Fritz fang, da niemand während zwei Tage entweder ihn oder Fritz sah. Doch kehrte der Hund nach Hause zurück und man berichtete, dass ein Mann in einer nahegelegenen Stadt gesehen wurde, der um neue Hosen bat.

—HETTY MANN, V B.

Anekdoten

BARON MÜNCHHAUSEN

Der Baron Münchhausen musste seine Geschichten, die die Welt so gern hörte, bezahlen!

Als er gestorben war, wollten die Leute seiner Heimstadt ihn nicht in der Kirche begraben, weil er so viele Lügen erzählt hatte. Während sie besprachen, wo man ihn begraben würde, lag er unbeerdigt. Endlich entschlossen sie sich ihn in der Kirche zu begraben. Aber man tat es nicht gut, weil ein Jahrhundert später er von einem Arbeiter ausgegraben wurde. Man sagte, dass er gesunder scheine, als er gewesen sei.

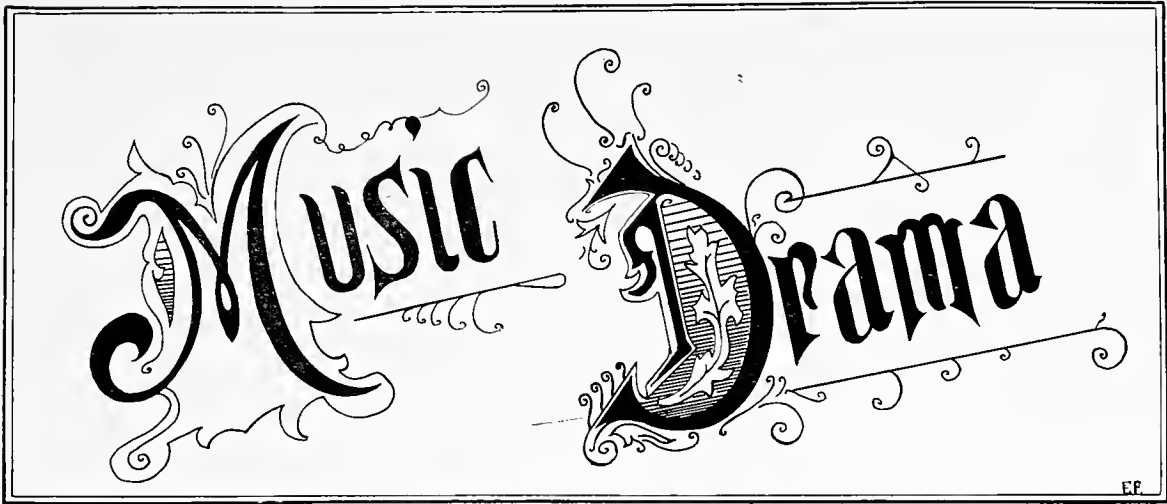
DAS THEATER VON WEIMAR

Es gibt in Weimar, einer Stadt mitten in Deutschland; ein Theater das viele interessanten Sachen gesehen hat. "Wilhelm Tell," von Schiller, wurde das erste Mal darin aufgeführt, und Goethe hat es fünfundzwanzig Jahre geleitet. Die deutsche Republik wurde dort proklamiert. Dieses Theater kann sich vieler Vorfälle sicher erinnern.

DIE KUCKUCKSUHREN

Die kleinen, schönen Kuckucksuhren, die in so vielen Häusern von Kanada sind, wurden fern von unserem Lande gemacht. In Friberg, einem kleinen Dorf im Schwarzwald, schnitzten die Arbeiter diese kleinen Uhren, wie ihre Grossväter und ihre Urgrossväter sie geschnitzt haben. Die Kuckucksuhren gehen zu allen Teilen der Welt, und bringen ein wenig des Schwarzwaldes zu den Häusern von anderen Ländern.

—HELEN TRACE, V B.



Editor—WILFRED DICKS, III D.

ORCHESTRA NEWS

The orchestra is increasing in size each year, and this year the instrumentation is practically complete except for the oboe and the bassoon; otherwise we have a representation of all the instruments which are necessary to combine to make the orchestra sound as it should. But we have not by any means reached a capacity size, because there is always room for new members. This year there are nineteen violins, two cellos, two bass viols, one viola, five cornets, two flutes, two clarinets, three saxophones, one trombone, a set of drums, the bells and a piano, making forty instruments in all as compared with thirty-two last year. The addition of the trombone and viola are greatly assisting the orchestra. The bass section will be strengthened this year by another bass viol. Those who were students at the school last year will notice how much the violin section has increased its numbers.

The orchestra attained a great deal of success during the school year 1932-33, playing at various times in the auditorium, such as at morning exercises and literary society meetings. At another time the orchestra played at an evening service in Knox United Church. To add to this list of achievements, this organization helped to make the school dramatics a success by playing the orchestration for the operetta, "Hulda of Holland." The orchestra hopes to go on to even greater accomplishments this year and, with the support of each and every individual, I

am sure that it will do so. Even now plans are being made for a concert which the orchestra intends to put on about the first of December. Several musicians who have graduated from South will be with us that night to help. This is one of the biggest programmes which the orchestra has ever undertaken, and it will, to all appearances, be a great success.

The orchestra has felt the need of some new equipment this year because of the decided increase of members, so it has purchased several new stands, equipped with lights, also a bass viol and a cello.

Many new members have joined us this year and the orchestra wishes to thank those musicians who have answered Mr. Byle's appeal to join our diligent but happy group. Although new ones are coming, old ones are leaving, and we are sorry to say that we have lost from our ranks such reliable members as Owen Cousins, Don Morrison, Jack Crone, Howard Philips, George Ross, Alfred Cave and Louis Hayes.

This year's officers are: Honorary president, Mrs. Carr-Harris; honorary vice-presidents, Howard Dicks and Bill Chambers; president, Bill Hartry; vice-president, Christine Aitken; secretary-treasurer, John McNeil; roll clerks, Robert Calvert and Wilfred Dicks; librarians, Gordon Kidd and Walter Steeper, and property committee, Max Anderson and Harold McGillivray.

W. D., III D.

The Orchestra Picnic

A little after school was over, one June 1st, 1933, the thirty-odd members of the orchestra were in transit, with well-filled lunch baskets, to that shady picnic spot on the stream near Kilworth (which everyone has heard of). We were pleased to have as our guests Mrs. Carr-Harris, Mrs. Byles and Jackie.

On arriving at Kilworth even Mr. Calvert could not resist the temptation of rolling up his pants-legs, removing his shoes and socks, and wading around in the cool, refreshing stream, after his hard day's work. Most of the other boys and girls were not long in following. Poor little Bobby Morgan, in crossing the stream on stones, unfortunately stepped on one unable to bear his enormous weight and as a result had to go around in wet socks all evening. Meanwhile the majority of the boys had journeyed down to the "ole swimmin' hole" and were refreshing themselves and working up an appetite for the supper, served in regular camp style by our English chefs, Mr. Byles and Jack Crone.

After stuffing ourselves to the bursting point with hot dogs, bacon, rolls, bread and butter, cake, lemonade, olives and last,

but not least, ice cream, and after a hearty game of ball, the picnic was adjourned, when we returned to the city, tired and happy. I am sure everyone present will join with me in saying that the picnic was an immense success.

(Clap! Clap! Clap!)

—R. CALVERT, III D.

Dramatics

Under the capable management of Mrs. Carr-Harris, a short play was put on during the programme of the 1933 "At Home." The old-fashioned costumes and white wigs lent a touch of unusual charm and quaintness to the play, "The Favours of My Lady Leone." The players consisted of Libby Pegg as Lady Lean; Ernie Grove as handsome Ferrars, the Prince; Freddie Haysom as Dubois, the elder friend of the Prince; John Gordon as the fussy fat man; Ross Miller, the King; and Barry Hunt, a courtier.

If the play could be deemed a success, it was only through the untiring efforts of Mrs. Carr-Harris and the effect produced by her upon each player.

—LIBBY PEGG, IV A.



ORCHESTRA, 1933

Back Row—B. Gidley, J. McNeil, M. Anderson, W. Hartry, D. White, Mr. S. R. Byles (Leader), Mr. G. Brown, J. Kaufman, H. McGillivray, J. Meaden, Mr. J. F. Calvert.
Third Row—J. Stoner, D. Townsend, R. Anderson, S. Calvert, E. Harley, B. Morgan, G. Kidd, G. Campbell, L. Wray.
Second Row—L. Campbell, F. Stuart, E. Cartier, E. MacKay, L. Cotterill, J. Gustin, D. Wilson, B. Ferris, N. McKeown, C. Aitken, B. Dulmage.
First Row—J. Doyle, B. Marsh, W. Steeper, T. Bending, R. Calvert, W. Dicks, J. Mair.



From the viewpoint of a spectator, the operetta, "Hulda of Holland," produced by South students last year, was one of the most successful and outstanding performances ever given in our auditorium. The operetta itself could not have been chosen more appropriately, and both the cast and the orchestra filled their parts with unusual excellence.

The story was a delightful musical comedy in three acts with its setting laid in the picturesque land of Holland. A handsome American youth, visiting in that country, fell deeply in love with a beautiful Dutch girl, Hulda. She was previously engaged to another, eccentric American, a friend of her father's. The handsome American impersonated Hulda's fiancé and all seemed to be running smoothly when the latter's parents arrived and everything was disclosed. It was discovered, however, that Hulda's true lover was the son of her father's greatest friend and there was a happy ending. The forsaken fiancé found consolation in one of the many beautiful Dutch girls.

The operetta was made doubly interesting by the playing of our own school orchestra. It must have meant many months of diligent practice to prepare for this and the orchestra performed excellently.

The picturesque land of Holland made

a lovely background for the play, and the atmosphere of the country was made very realistic by the costumes created by South students.

A local newspaper said of the operetta:

"Whimsical and lovely as the carefree Dutch land in which it is set, "Hulda of Holland," musical production of the students of London South Collegiate, was presented to a capacity audience at the school auditorium last night.

"A musical comedy it is billed, but the name is not fair to it. Musical romance would be better, for while it is bright and merry and full of quirks, its romantic atmosphere is carefully created and sustained by a cast of competent players."

The main characters were: Peter Cats—Orion Orchard; Jacob Hoogenbeets—Donald Baldwin; Hulda—Beth Reed; Katrina—Anne Gordon; Jerry Heyden—Harold Carling; Vrow Cats—Edith Sampson; Jan Steen—Chester Hancock; Jimmy Stone—Norman Farrow; Dirck—Harold White; Adrian Steen—John Kidd, and Cornelius Heyden—John Gordon. The girls of the chorus were: Jean Axford, Dorothy Carpenter, Monica Clarke, Dora Dicks, Ivy Dunkley, Eulene Jenkins, Mary Kennedy, Rosemary Mallinson, Nora McEwing, Betty McIsaac, Shirley Robinson, Laura Sreaton, Eunice Spettigue, Evelina Thompson, Jean Watt, Marjorie

Whitton and Netta Morrison, while the boys were Kirk Bell, Charlie Cowan, Tom Faust, Bob Ford, Charlie Forrest, Gordon Franks, Ernie Grove, Fred Haysom, Rowland Hill, Tom Huyton, Allan Johnston, Paul Kemp, Neil Love, Art McKenzie, and Jack White.

Mr. Allin, producer of the operetta, Mr. Byles, leader of the orchestra, the entire cast and members of the orchestra deserve our whole-hearted congratulations for this splendid production. The whole school, I know, will look forward eagerly to another operetta should Mr. Allin produce one this year. To those connected in any way with the producing of "Hulda of Holland" may I again say:

"Congratulations!"

—JOAN BREAKSPEAR, IV C.

IMPRESSIONS OF "HULDA OF HOLLAND" AS RECALLED BY A MEMBER OF THE CAST

To give an account of the work in the production of the operetta, "Hulda of Holland," one must tell how it all started.

One January morning in the auditorium Mr. Allin made an appeal to the members of the student body who were interested in the production of an operetta and asked them to meet in the auditorium after school. The meeting at 4 o'clock showed an enthusiastic response.

To produce the operetta meant approximately two and a half months of continuous and sincere work by both directors and members of the cast. Voices had to be tested, lines had to be learned, costumes had to be made, and scenery had to be constructed, yet no one was daunted by the thought of any of these difficult tasks.

Many members of the cast had never appeared on a stage before. All the more credit should be given to them for going into the operetta with this handicap. But they received a wonderful training for the future dramatic work into which they might wish to enter.

While the cast was completing its work, Mr. Byles and the orchestra were practicing the music for the operetta.

After the principals had been picked, lines and songs had been learned, and the orchestral music had been practiced to perfection, there was a practice for the

cast and the orchestra in which songs and dances were tried out, thus starting the moulding together of the operetta.

The week before the performance Mr. Allin succeeded in obtaining Mr. Walter Dixon of the Little Studio to come and balance the settings and put the finishing touches to the production.

The rehearsal was a little bit discouraging but, nevertheless, hope that things would go better on the final night was felt throughout, and Chester Hancock, the comedian in the operetta, acted the clown behind stage and kept our spirits up.

On the night of the production every member of the cast was present about an hour before the curtain rose to have the make-up put on. Mr. and Mrs. Freeman and Miss McFarlane were responsible for this task and to those who saw the operetta I feel sure that they will agree with me that the make-up was exceptionally good.

Behind the scenes were many workers who, through their whole-hearted co-operation, helped to make the operetta a success. To Mr. Freeman, stage director and properties manager, and his helpers, Bill Rivers, Jim McHale and Cliff Ready, we are indebted for that wonderful piece of Dutch scenery which was complete in every detail,— the white-washed walls of the house which are characteristic of Holland, combined with windmills, tulips and the picket fence.

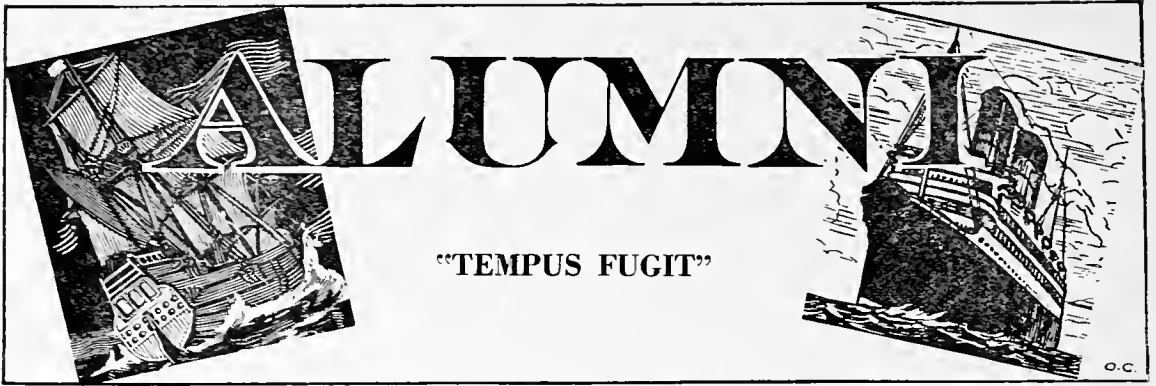
Miss McRoberts and her assistants, Barbara Knowles and Hazel Phillips, formed the costume committee. Miss MacFarlane and Miss Hilliard directed the dances which, I might say, was trying for them when they tried to make our stubborn feet go to the rhythm of the music. Mr. Wonnacott was responsible for the dialogue.

Among others to help in the production were Mr. Urlin, Haswell Dodds and George Ross, who were responsible for the advertising and tickets, while Mrs. Carr-Harris was the general convener.

The operetta proved such a success and such a pleasure to those who took part that we, who still remain at South, will be on hand to help produce another operetta this year and hope that many others will also take an interest in it.

—DORA DICKS, IV C.





"TEMPUS FUGIT"

Editors: HAROLD WHITE and NORMAN FARROW.

Five Years in a "Nut" Shell

By BOB FORD, Arts '37, U. of W. O.

This September, not having a great deal to do until the memorable 25th, I was able to recline at ease and watch with various feelings the familiar old faces, and many new ones, trudge back to the "little red schoolhouse." Here, of course, everybody expects me to make the time-honoured remark about "the first year kids getting smaller every year." But to me they looked like a fine group—as they toddled, crawled, or scooted past our front door.

Ours was the first class never to grace the old building with its presence. Thus we think of the new school much as the old pioneers must have thought of the Victoria School. It has mellowed slightly in five years. The bricks are not quite so gaudily red, the auditorium so glaringly new, the trees so clearly hard-struggling (my prayers are with those trees: they may yet hide the ugly pile), Mr. Dinsmore so obviously dieting. Wives have been acquired, and children begot; waistlines have appeared and been struggled with. But on the whole the school to-day presents the same appearance as it did that long age ago when we first timidly entered its doors.

It was a great five years, and there was much sadness, I know, in our hearts at that Fifth Year Banquet. But the future beckons—perhaps not as bright a future as could be hoped for, but it is youth that will brighten that future, if it is to be brightened at all, and in that army of marching youth South will have its place, fighting there with the youth of Canada

and the world against war, against greedy capitalism, against selfish nationalism, against all the ugliness of the democratic world, to give civilization a better, perhaps idealistic system of government, economics, and social life.

Ye Brave Knightes of Olde

By Ye JEANNEE WATTEE, Arts '37,
U. of W. O.

(With Apologies to Chaucer, Webster
and Caesar.)

For lo! these many moons (one and six days)* ye Froshe had been fared with every disrespeckt. They had been compelled to take unto themselves the shapes of corpses, schoole teachers, brides, bridegrooms, prima donkeys, dancers, barmaids, butlers, doormen, Indians, valets, kow-towers, Mohammedans, and—vilest of all—they who croon. With the passing of very many days had come their chance for revenge. With tensity stood yon sober groupe, their mitts filled with implements of onslaught, awaiting ye signe for advance.

After ye leader had cleaned hys finger-nailes, gave he ye signal, "Onward." Into the direction of ye rising sun, then toward ye land of icicles, and at the ende of many paces, gave ye leader the commande, "Go west, young man, go west." Ambuscades were by them encountered at every turne of ye highroade, but, daunted not, onward they pressed.

Ane attacke! Our knoble knights and faire ladies had come upon the blackguards

at ye brig. A volley of senile tomatoes was by them met and in ye same termes replied to. On came a volley of apples of a rare greenish hue. Our heroic band gave answer by ane groupe of tomatoes and other fruited, which had been found most useful in campagnes of ancient tymes.

Ye enemy retreated. Ye bande of nobles pressed on. Ye enemy resorted to ye tricks, which were not done by Hoyle, and heaved ye decrepitate hen-fruite—not ye meeke and timid egges, but independente and able-to-stand-alone egges! Ye H. B.† fell back. Ye egges gave out. Ye H. B. advanced. A cry was raised! Ye enemy had got ane hempen twine and were fastening it to ane willowe tree of right sturdy proportions. Quickly rushed our men down, and seized ye twine. Ye enemy tugged—ye H. B. sprawled in ye drinke. Ye H. B. tugged, ye enemy sprawled in ye drinke. Ye enemy—but that couldn't go on forever. Besides, our noble men had no branche to which to tie their ende of ye twine, for only scrubb'le and ye bristling weede—ye Scotche thistle—arose on their side of ye drinke. However, one of ye H. B., a stalwart fellow and one who had served in former campagnes, crept with knaked knife to the opposite shore, to cut—ye twine. Ye twine slackened—our men heaved with regained strength (spelling by Webster). Gradually ye zeale of ye enemy had been dampened (pun). Ye H. B. raised ane shoute of triumphe.

Ye enemy placed all hopes of safety in speed. (Do we remember Caesar?) They retreated with haste up ye slope of ye treacherous river. One of their number bore with him as he fled a banner. Ye H. B. followed in close pursuite—desirous of receiving unto themselves ye flagge. Ye enemy perched himself on a pole, and nuts were thrown to him by ye crowde. His supporters were standing in a groupe under him. Our knoble knight, with much swiftness formed into one + two groupes and bored their way into ye pole. They unseated ye enemy but failed in retrieving ye banner.

And that, dear little readers, is the reason why everyone should go to Collitch.

[Et I am finis Erat.]

*We didn't know which to use—take your pick.—(Author's Note.)

†H. B.—heroic band.

WHERE WE ARE

Those taking an intensive course in the noble and ancient art of distilling and other scientific projects include: Norm Anderson, Herbert Childs, Keith Coates, Paul Croley, Andy and Bill Cummings, John Lamont, Vic Gilpin, Bill Richardson, Harold White and Gordon Matheson.

Bob Ford, Eleanor Kerr, George Lamont, Ozzy Littleford, Marjorie Parsons, Jeanne Watt and Norman Farrow have decided to give civilization a break by developing their artistic talents.

Amongst those wallowing in luxury at home, we find Ted Hutchinson, Watson Kearns, Stewart Merrifield, K. Breake-spere, Charlie Cowan and C. Balfour.

Aussi Haswell Dodds, Edith Sampson, E. Phillips, P. Raymond, G. Lackie, Don Morrison and D. Bonney are going to Normal.

E. Parsons, O. Orchard, N. Finch, C. Coleman, L. Cress, J. Crone, S. Webber, Gord Hotham and Frank White have joined the working classes.

Marny Pegg is going to be a nurse, while Howard Phillips is studying horses at the O. A. C.

Bill Dawkins is attending the College of Optometry at Toronto.

The activities of many of the alumnae were unknown and thus, unfortunately, could not be in this summary.





FORM V B

Back Row—E. Spettigue, M. Allen, E. Kelly, C. Aitkin, M. Kennedy, M. Porter, D. Dorland, M. Ford, B. Dulmage, E. Ford, D. Cameron, B. Scott, K. Veitch, L. Godin, J. Axford, M. Ferris. Third Row—D. Wolfe, V. Gray, J. Jacobs, G. Holland, T. Jeffery, B. Pace, G. Harley, K. Jones, W. Hartry, R. Sampson, T. Faust, J. Brooks, J. McNeil, W. Galbraith, J. Kidd. Second Row—G. Monks, P. Black, M. Smibert, H. Trace, R. Attrill, F. Gray, G. Morris, M. Ramsay, Miss M. K. Macpherson, A. Gordon, B. Stauffer, D. Raymond, H. Mann, B. McIsaac, I. Hunt, R. Gole. Front Row—C. Hancock, H. Murray, W. Jarmain.



FORM V A

Back Row—F. Kunz, F. Haysom, M. Tighe, S. Nash, E. Grove, V. Blake, B. Walters, H. Smith, W. Galbraith, R. Miller, J. Cavanaugh, G. Fleming, J. Gordon. Third Row—N. Love, M. Smith, D. Atcheson, M. Adams, K. Cameron, D. Fraser, A. Cunningham, N. Rose, P. Kemp, O. Cousins, S. Calvert, L. Williams. Second Row—J. Phillips, J. Brodie, M. Sweitzer, E. Smillie, B. Planitz, M. Hoare, M. Whitton, C. Wallace, D. Blackall, M. Tales, E. Green, J. Birtwhistle, N. Dow, M. Kirk. Seated—G. Beaton, H. Carruthers, M. Lee, A. Schweitzer, M. Stoner, Mr. Urlin, N. McEwing, E. Speiran, E. Thompson, E. Waugh, V. Doring.



THINGS WE'D LIKE TO KNOW!

If J. Murray joined the Royal Mounties early in November?

Where and when Creena Wallace got that Varsity Med's Frat pin?

What caused the short existence of the Bachelors' Club, and how?

Nancy Santo—Lots of things?

What caused Bob Miller to blush when he translated from Latin into English "It happened when there was a moon"?

What Mary Ferris talks about in her sleep?—Dark, blonde or indifferent?

Where Bill Hartry got the baby's bottle which he was carrying around at a recent rugby game?

Why does Jim McHale wear school colours in his rugby uniform?

If Peggy Ellwood enjoyed the rugby game at Woodstock on November 8th?

What attracts Jack Brooks to blonde hair?

Who keeps Libby Pegg supplied in jokes? And is she ever stuck for one?

If Tom Parker has ever seen and smelt a REAL skunk?

What is there in Harvey Blackmore's pocketbook to attract Jack Kennedy so much?

Why would Barbara Knowles prefer spending her holidays in Oakville rather than in London?

If Ted Jeffery has found a way to bring himself and his books to school on his motorcycle at the same time, or has he been sending his books to school and staying home himself? No fire reported! Will someone please help us out?

If Jack Brooks still refuses to play with Mr. Urlin? Shame on him!

YOU SHOULD RECOGNIZE THESE

Now we'll run a little race.

Thanking you in anticipation of your co-operation.

Just to remind you of the orchestra meeting.

If Owen will take the piano we'll have "God Save the King."

Now, oh . . . ah.

No talking, please.

One more word and you'll go there, too.

Don't you worry, I have my eye on you.

I want it made clear that I'll have no disturbance from you in this class.

Oh! You surely don't mean that!

You are the dumbest form I've ever had.

Now down to work!

You'd better come in at four.

If you can't find anything to do, I'd be pleased to give you something (sarcastically said).

Maybe you can help me out with this.

At this stage of the game.



Ted Jeffrey—The main excuse this year for Ted not having his homework done is the lack of space for carrying books on his motorcycle.

Mil. Porter—Latest occupation is character reading.

Doris Dorland—Why does she call her pet poodle Fraser?

Elsie Ford—Ask Owen—he knows.

Betty MacIsaac—Is there a knot hole in your cane?

John McNeil—A splinter off the old chip.

Betty Planitz—We know why she spends her summers at Rondeau.

Marg. Kirk—Would make a good skool-marm, n'est-ce pas.

Nora McEwing—Wishes she had more influence over her little sister.

Frank Kunz—On account of a heavy school year will not be able to fill his contract with M.-G.-M.

Don Atcheson—Takes great delight in persuading people to attend church.

Vernon Blake—Wormy.

Stew Calvert—Assistant biology teacher.

John Gordon—Fell off the chesterfield and broke his arm.

Ken Cameron—Girl crazy.

Arthur Cunningham—One of Freeman's pals.

Cob Fraser—There's no chance for Cob to be late for school at noon.

Neil Love—The less said the better.

Ross Miller—Clever lad, manipulates it every day to sit with Marguerite Stoner in the library.

Neil Rose—Still trying to be funny.

Mackie Smith—After years of practice, still can't juggle 10 peas on his knife at noon hour.

Morin Tighe—He's the guy that throws chalk at Mr. Urlin.

Ernie Grove—A clairvoyant informed Ernie he would receive a letter from Illinois about time of Senior "At Home."

Betty Scott—Didn't take her long to get going.

Harvey Blackmore—Lately seen to be imitating James Cagney.

Jack Brooks—Wishes he could pull off his stuff without back-biting.

Bus Wideman—Immune to girls he ought to be.

Leverne Williams—Still working on Child Psychology.

Gert Beaton—Is going to bite her tongue off some of these days.

Mary Hoare—Where's the fellow that goes to Huron College?

Creena Wallace—Ches. Hancock's big moment, pretty big.

Don Carrothers—Suffering from a nervous breakdown from an overdose of homework.

Jean Axford—Haven't been seeing much of Jean lately in Biology.

Mary Ferris—Looks as if Mary is going to be going places quite a bit.



The Rev. John Brooks addressed the "Ladies' Aid" of Knox Church, Lobo, on Thursday afternoon, giving a very interesting talk on "Chinese Missionary Work." Afternoon tea was served.

Mr. and Mrs. N. G. Love are having a house-warming on Friday next to celebrate their moving into their new Funeral Home on Queens' Ave.

Miss Emily Creena Reid Wallace has just opened a new reducing parlor on Wortley

Road. Bottles of "Youth Cream" will be given away free with every treatment during the past year.

Miss Mary Ferris is having a trousseau tea on Saturday from 3 to 10, prior to her marriage on Wednesday next.

Dr. Jean Axford is leaving for Central Africa on the 21st of next month.

Miss Barbara Dulmage has now accepted the position of matron of the Orphans' Home in Hamilton.

Tom Faust, daring pilot and a native of London, has just completed a round-the-world record flight.

Bill Hartry, with his Cheerful Crooners, will be heard over CFPL, London's station, at 11.15 Friday evenings.

Chester Hancock, a former London track star, was noticed acting as a gigolo in a Brazilian cafe recently.

A book on Child Psychology has been published by Mr. John Stewart Calvert and Mr. Harry Laverne Williams.

Mary Kennedy—What have letters from Midland got to do with her neglecting her homework?



CONGRATULATIONS !

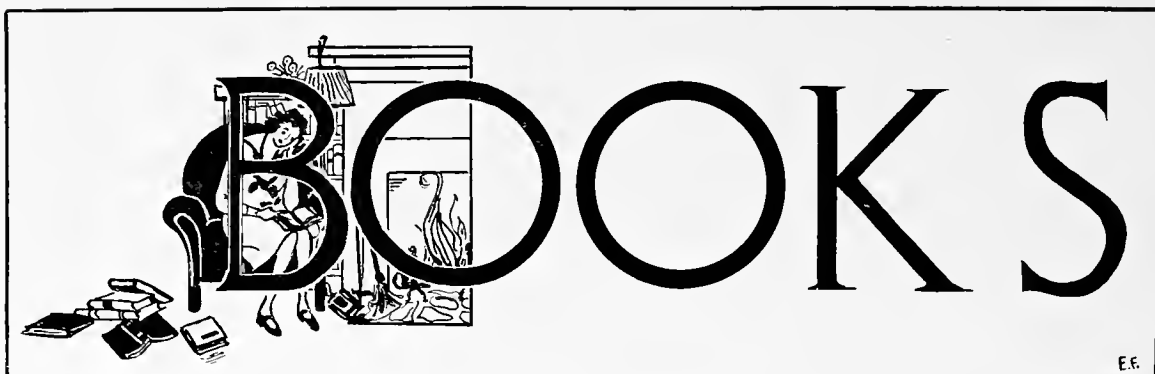
The staff and students of South Collegiate join in extending their heartiest congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Allin, whose marriage took place last August. Although this is only Mr. Allin's second year on the staff, he is already well known and popular among the student body for his work on the Operetta last year. Mrs. Allin, formerly Isabel McCracken, is a graduate of South Collegiate and the University of Western Ontario.

Once more, then, we would wish Mr. and Mrs. Allin the very best for years to come.



CONGRATULATIONS !

To Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Wonnacott, on
March 16, 1933, a son, Gordon Paul.



Editor—M. KIRK, V B.

TWENTY YEARS A-GROWING

By Maurice O'Sullivan.

Off the southwestern point of Ireland lie the Blasket Islands, the home of perhaps one hundred and fifty Irish peasants, who live by fishing. One of their youths has written this autobiography, which is typical of the life of many, many Irish people, for his friends on the Blasket.

"Did you ever hear how the life of man is divided? Twenty years a-growing, twenty years in blossom, twenty years a-stooping, and twenty years declining. Look now, I have sayings you never heard."

In this typical sentence from "Twenty Years A-Growing," we may taste of the unique poetry and beauty of its style. Like a breath of the dawn across the sun-rippled waters of the sound, and the heather-hills of the island, comes this work, full of the charm of dances in the moonlight, the excitement of the Ventry races, the gaiety of Hallowe'en celebrations, and the love of a wake. Just the story of the everyday life of the people, turf-gathering among the hills, the small boy's dislike of school, his excitement over a first fishing expedition and finally his venture, as a man, out into the world, make of it an intensely human book. The public will enjoy the book, not only for the author's simple and sincerely beautiful treatment of his subject, but also for the glimpse he gives us of the lives and characters of a people of whom we have hitherto known very little.

—M. KIRK, V B.

THE BOOK OF NATURAL WONDERS

By Ellison Hawks.

Readers interested in the natural activities of our planet, in past and present ages, will find this volume exceedingly valuable. It contains a variety of subjects, namely: "How the World May End," "Moving Mountains," "Wonders of the Rocks," "The Causes of Earthquakes and Volcanoes," and the mystery of "Disappearing Islands." All of these are explained in a manner readily understood by the reader. The book is profusely illustrated. In the topic, "Wonders of the Rocks," an amazing account is given of the approximate age of the earth. This is calculated from the thickness of certain rocks found in the earth's crust, and from certain mineral activities. I am sure everyone would find this book most engaging.

—CHARLIE HOARE, II E.

* * *

KAH

By Stefansson and Irwin.

If you like a story of adventure, excitement and action, you will like "Kah." "Kah" is a story of the frozen north, of polar bears, and icebergs. Kah, who is an Eskimo, seems to be a real live boy. He has many exciting adventures and, like most boys, he is sometimes frightened. A white man chances to discover the camp where Kah lives. He makes a friend of Kah and teaches him many interesting things about civilization. The author has good material and certainly knows what to do with it.

—GERTRUDE BUGLER, II C.

THE BLANKET OF THE DARK

By John Buchan.

To say that a book is by John Buchan is to give it a passport to any company, and "The Blanket of the Dark" is no exception. Buchan's beautiful prose, his easy, swift-moving style, make his characters living, interesting people. He has that rare gift of story telling that makes romance real, yet awakes in us a wistful longing for something more than the commonplaces of life afford.

The story is fascinating. It is set in England, in the Severn region, during the reign of Henry VIII. Peter Stafford, Earl of Buckingham and Bohun, is the hero. His was the magic name to which the whole west of England rose against Wales. Henry was busy with revolts in the north, Peter's forces were prepared to march. But a tremendous fall of snow, a thaw and then rain made the rivers impassable and prevented the intended mobilization. Unexpectedly, the king came to nearby Woodstock for the hunting, and Peter, with a small party, set out to capture him.

In his eagerness for the hunt, the king became separated from his party, and, attempting to cross a river, was caught when the dam broke. Peter, alone, and in darkness, rescued him. From there events move swiftly and fatefully. Henry did not die, nor did Peter,—but, I am sure you want to find out for yourself.

—JEAN PHILIPS, V A.

* * *

"MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY"

This book contains the adventures of Roger Byam, who was midshipman on "H. M. S. Bounty," sailing in 1787 from England for the Island of Tahiti. In turn he was a chieftain on Tahiti, a mutineer condemned to death, and a sea captain under Nelson. James N. Hall and Charles Nordoff, the authors, who have lived in Tahiti, have access to the Admiralty Office and thus provide a very colorful background for this story. In my opinion this book, for those interested in exciting biographies, is well worth the reading.

—GEO. W. GRAHAM, III D.





Editors : STEWART CALVERT AND WILLIAM JARMAN

AMATEUR RADIO

By W. A. NORFOLK, Arts '36,
University of Western Ontario

Amateur Radio! There is romance in the words. They speak of adventure, of conquest, of forging into new fields, and experiencing new thrills. To-day there are thousands upon thousands of young men, yes, and even girls, who are finding a thrilling, enjoyable and profitable hobby in the pursuits of amateur radio. When I say profitable, I am not thinking so much of profit in the mercenary sense, but of everlasting educational and instructive profit. When asked my opinion on the best extra-curricula activities for a high school student whose interests lie in science, I would say unhesitatingly, "Get into radio!" There is not a field of our everyday life in which radio and radio principles do not play a vital part.

Years ago, when a high school student developed a passion for science, he played in his spare time with spark machines, leyden jars and gold-leaf electroscopes. Nowadays he plays with vacuum tubes, condensers and coils. "But," you ask, "how can I become a radio amateur?" There are three what might be called "first steps." Learn the elementary principles of radio communication by recourse to a good book on the subject. The most valuable and comprehensive book of such a kind is "The Radio Amateur's Handbook," published by the Amateur Radio Relay League and available at Gurd's, Ltd., Dundas Street. The price is one dollar.

Having mastered the fundamentals, the next thing to do is to build a short wave receiver. The beginner's first receiver need not cost over ten dollars, including tubes, batteries, and phones. With such a set, having only two tubes, good reception may be had from all over the continent. As the amateur gains experience, he may wish to construct a more powerful one. This one also has two tubes, but is electrically operated throughout. Both the above sets are described in detail in the aforementioned Handbook, with full illustrations and constructive advice. The author has just completed a receiver of the type last mentioned, and has had very fine reception from South America, England, France, Germany, Spain, and Italy. Its total cost was not over twenty-five dollars.

To enjoy more thoroughly the possession and operation of a short wave receiver, one should learn the International Morse code. Full instructions and helpful advice for learning the code are also contained in the Handbook. Once it has been mastered, the amateur will be able to receive messages from all over the world. What a thrill to sit in your own home and listen to communications from amateurs in India, Africa and other out of the way places of the world, to hear despatches from Byrd's Antarctic expedition, and movie companies on location in different corners of the world! These are only a few of the thrills experienced by a short wave listener.

Then, too, in times of distress caused by floods, earthquakes and disease, sometimes, when all other means of communication were down, radio amateurs have stepped proudly into the breach and have, at times, been instrumental in saving hundreds of

lives by keeping in touch with the rest of the world.

The radio amateur is a respected member of the community; he is recognized by the government and provided for accord-

ingly; and, best of all, he has a hobby which will not only bring him hours of enjoyment, but will give him experience and knowledge which will stand him in good stead in years to come.

LOS ANGELES AIR RACES 1933

KEITH COATES, Arts '37.

University of Western Ontario.

According to the 1933 Los Angeles Air Races, the trend along which present-day aircraft designers are working is to produce airplanes with more and more power and less refinement of streamline design.

The most outstanding example of the typical racing plane of the day is that of Colonel Roscoe Turner, who, with his ship, set a new United States transcontinental air record from New York to Los Angeles. His plane, a speedy low-winged monoplane of Wedell-Williams design, was capable of 300 miles an hour, or more. Turner's average speed for his flight was only 250 miles an hour, due to the fact that he was unable to fly through rainstorms at his maximum speed. Before setting out from New York, Turner telephoned to the California Institute of Technology, where a new and very accurate method of forecasting the locality of storm areas had been devised. So, by turning aside a few miles at those points where he had been warned that storms were prevalent, Turner was able to bring his ship down fully a half hour ahead of his nearest rival.

This year saw more power pouring from the already powerful engines used in the tiny racers. Last year, in May, Jimmie Doolittle won the Thompson Trophy for the 100-mile dash with a 750 horsepower engine pulling his monoplane through the air at Cleveland. This year saw Colonel Turner win the same event with an engine supercharged up to nearly 1,000 horsepower. These planes are relatively very small and consequently have a *heavy wing loading*. Another item of interest is the fact that these races were all clocked by electricity, and at the finish lines "two-eyed" cameras recorded their times and positions, accurate to $\frac{1}{1000}$ of a second. These cameras and electrical timing devices have often settled definitely and accurately many a dispute as

to which plane really won. This apparatus is now regarded as a necessity in judging finishes.

The tiny racers come in two classes—the 375 cubic inch piston displacement, and the 550 inch displacement. They land sometimes in excess of 100 miles an hour, and their top speeds vary up around the 200 mile an hour mark. In the air they look like tiny insects, and, when they make vertical turns around the pylons, the casual observer holds his breath for fear they might collapse in mid-air.

Any fortunate individual who saw the races must have been more than thrilled at the exhibition of stunt flying put on by flying aces of many countries. Imagine witnessing the young Italian ace, Tito Falconi, do barrel rolls right off the ground! Another interesting event was the thrilling exhibition of flying put on by Ernst Udet, of war-time and present fame, representing Germany. Many of the American pilots considered his seven-year-old Fokker biplane, powered with only a 150 horsepower motor, an object of ridicule. They were, however, forced to admit, because of his prowess in the manoeuvres which he executed, that they were quite wrong. He actually pulled his ship straight up into a whipstall, only 300 feet above the grandstands. Repeatedly, he looped his plane without any power, and held the crowds spellbound by picking up handkerchiefs from the ground with a hook tied to one wing.

Crowds also thrilled as they watched Lieut. Johnny Miller loop-the-loop in an auto-gyro. This, an all-new stunt for the National Air Races, received great ovations from the spectators. Can you imagine a parachute jumper leaving a plane at nearly 15,000 feet, to fall twisting and turning, his course marked by wisps of white smoke? He opened his first

(turn to page 83)

The Direct Control Autogyro

Probably the greatest advance in autogyro construction since Juan de la Cievra built his first successful one, is the application of the direct-control idea. Simultaneous experiments in England and America led to the construction of several experimental machines, and recently, it was announced that the first autogyros of this type were offered for sale in England on a commercial basis. This is a single seater model, but Juan de la Cievra is at present testing a large cabin type similarly equipped.

The great difference between this machine and an ordinary autogyro is that it lacks all control surfaces; that is all the hinged flaps at the tail and on the wings that are to be found in the ordinary one. These flaps control the direction of the flight in the old type autogyro, but a simpler and safer means controls it in the



new. First of all, the blades are attached to the centre, so that they may turn around in their sockets as well as revolve around the rotor mast. Thus, when one wishes to climb, the "stick" is pulled back (it hangs from the ceiling in the new autogyro). As the blades swing around to the front, their angle is increased, while at the back their angle is decreased, so that the lift at the front increases and that at the back decreases; the front rises, and the autogyro climbs. The reverse is true of the dive. To turn, the "stick" is moved to the inside of the turn. As one blade goes to the outside, it takes on a greater angle; the inside one takes on a lesser angle, and

the autogyro tips and finally turns around. In one revolution, the angle of the blade changes four times; it becomes greater, goes back to neutral, increases with opposite inclination, then goes back to neutral again.

But this is only one method by which inventors are attacking the problem. Another method, more simple perhaps, is that of tilting the whole rotor. Thus, if one wants to climb, the rotor is tilted back, the angle of all blades automatically increases, and the autogyro climbs. The reverse is also true of the dive. In a turn, the rotor is tipped to one side, and the autogyro turns in much the same way as a boy turns a corner on a bicycle, with his hands off the handlebars. That is to say, the centres of gravity and lift do not coincide and in both cases the turn is an attempt to overcome this.

These are the two main ways of attacking the problem of a simpler, safer, cheaper, more economical automobile of the air, both of which have their possibilities, and we may look forward to seeing more of them in the future than we have up to date.

* * *

Reo's Automatic Gear Shift

How It Works

In the Reo self-shifting transmission, the conventional gear-shift lever is replaced by a selector control below the dash and connected to the transmission by a cable. The self-shifter replaces second and third in the ordinary transmission, and automatically shifts back and forth in the course of driving.

Pushing the selector handle all the way in brings the transmission into the "forward" position, at the same time bringing the self-shifting unit into line. When the selector is pulled out about one inch, it is in "neutral," and when all the way out, it is in "emergency low." Turning the handle right and pulling it all the way out places the car in reverse.

The engine is started and the clutch disengaged in the ordinary way, and the selector pushed in, placing the transmission in "self-shifting forward." The clutch is engaged by taking the foot off the clutch pedal. Pressing down on the accelerator

causes the car to move forward in low. As the car gathers speed, at about 12 to 16 miles per hour, the transmission automatically slips into high. It remains in high until the speed of the car drops below the 12 to 16 miles per hour mark (in such a case as going up a hill or in slow-moving traffic), when the transmission automatically shifts back to low. There is a two-speed emergency low, also self-shifting for use in sand or on very steep hills. In reverse the unit only has one speed.

The Reo transmission consists of two units—the automatic unit and an auxiliary set of gears for selective control, emergency-low and reverse—combined in one case and mounted in unit with the engine. The selective gears in the forward part are of the sliding type, except that they revolve only when in use. These speeds are controlled by the selector on the dash.

In the automatic unit, the lower of the two speeds is obtained through two pairs of internal-external gears (gears which have teeth on the inside and outside).

Between these two is a floating member with internal and external teeth, prevented from turning by an over-running clutch. This in turn forces the rear internal gear to revolve and transmit power to the drive shaft at a reduced speed. In reverse, the intermediate member is held by an over-running lock.

High speed or direct drive in the self-shifter is obtained by a multiple disc metal clutch, running in oil within the transmission. It is engaged by means of a set of revolving counter weights, which, as the speed of the car increases (between 12 and 16 m. p. h.), are forced outward by centrifugal force, exerting a lever action, by which the discs of the clutch are forced together, locking the internal gear to the drive shaft and providing direct drive between the engine and the shaft.

The advantage of this development, such as making the car easier to handle in heavy traffic, or safer on hills, are numerous, while its disadvantages are few and almost negligible. GORDON MONKS, V B.

LIFE IN THE CANADIAN ARCTIC

ED. NOTE—These facts were gathered from an interview kindly consented to by G. A. Woonton, of the University of Western Ontario, who in the summer of 1932 acted as historian on a government expedition to the Canadian Arctic.



In the remote districts to the north of Canada, known as the Arctic Archipelago, there meets the eye nothing but the vast barren expanses of rocky, snow-covered islands, separated by wind-ruffled channels, whose frigid aspect is enhanced by majestically-floating icebergs, while towering mountains stand out in the background.

In spite of this bleak environment, wild animal life is quite plentiful. Polar bears

and seals are found there, and, when fish are scarce, they often attack one another in the fight for existence. Their chief enemy, the Eskimo, uses their skins for clothing, making beautiful designs on the skin of the latter. The rest of the animal, the Eskimo eats raw. The musk-ox was in danger of extinction till quite recently, when a patrol of Royal Canadian Mounted Police was regularly maintained on Devon

Island, north of Baffin Land, for the purpose of protecting them from the menace of the Greenland Eskimos. The Eskimos' main source of income is derived from the barter of the white or Arctic fox, which they catch in steel traps, and trade to the Hudson's Bay Company for flour, rifles, and ammunition. Every year, there is a huge antelope trek across from Victoria Island to the mainland, in the vicinity of the north magnetic pole. Many of these are killed and eaten by the Eskimos. The walrus is valuable for its tusks, which furnish very fine ivory for spear tips and other hunting equipment. The whale is useful for its blubber, ambergris and whalebone (baleen), of which the latter is used for making sleds, snowshoes, etc. The smallest mammal in the Canadian Arctic is the lemming, a rodent not unlike our rat.

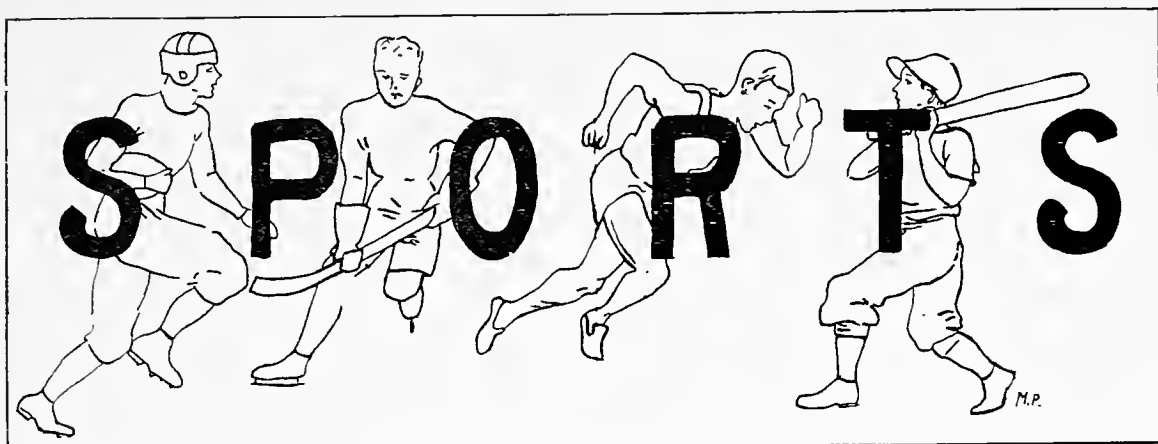
Bird life is quite varied and abundant. The nesting grounds of the Blue Goose, in Baffin Land, were just recently discovered. The "tinker," or Razor-billed Auk, which resembles a small duck, is exceedingly common, flocks of them sometimes covering a whole island. The natives have a very ingenious method of killing birds for food. A piece of thin wholebone is bent into a tight spring, held in position by sinews. This they embed in a piece of fat, which

they leave out for the birds, who readily eat it on account of the scarcity of other food. In the process of digestion the sinew is dissolved, allowing the spring of whalebone to uncoil and spear the bird. Another method of taking birds is to use an ivory-tipped double-barbed lance, which the Eskimos hurl with remarkable rapidity.

In season, cod are very plentiful. As a matter of fact if, at this time, the Eskimo drops a four-pronged hook into a school of them, he has no difficulty in catching them without any bait whatever. He also dries a large quantity of haddock for winter use. Arctic char, similar to our salmon trout, is the Eskimo's staple food.

However, certain features of Eskimo life in the north deserve special mention. The Eskimos are nomadic hunters, following the game, which, although abundant, is widely scattered from place to place. They have no regular meal times, but eat whenever they feel the need. Some of their favourite delicacies are berries, which they find in the fall, and birds' eggs, which are stored in the mud till used. As regards adaptation to environment, the Eskimo is, in reality, superior to us, who claim to have the better civilization.





Editor—BUS WIDEMAN, V A.

A RETROSPECT

By H. B. DINSMORE



LONDON SOUTH COLLEGIATE opened its doors in September, 1922, in the old Victoria School at Askin and Wharnccliffe.

Many changes have taken place since then and the ones with which I am most intimately acquainted are the changes in our Boys' Athletic programme.

The first school team organized was the track team for the three-school track meet which later became a four-school affair when the Sir Adam Beck Collegiate, then the East Collegiate, was organized. South captured the intermediate shield with such stellar athletes as Riddell, Ellyatt, Hadfield, Chapman and Vollick. An excellent showing in the senior and junior was made, and such a wealth of excellent material was developed that the next year South swept the meet, taking all three shields.

The second activity in which the boys took part was soccer. They made an auspicious start and took the city group easily. The organization and coaching of this team was undertaken by Mr. John McKellar, now of Jarvis Collegiate, Toronto. The proof of his ability is shown in the fact that the next year this team went to the finals, losing to Windsor after two very close games.

Basketball was started by Mr. Graham, the present principal, and such stalwarts as the Ferguson brothers, Dave McLean, Hadfield, Vollick, Ellyatt, Chapman and

others carried the school colours to many stirring victories.

Hockey was also an interesting sport during that winter, and the chief players were Ted Johnston, Bus. McLeod, Hadfield, Ellyatt, Appleyard, Baker, Gordon, Riddell.

This was the start, but the progress continued to such an extent that in 1924-25 we had our great year in Athletics. Our soccer team lost to Walkerville in twenty minutes overtime by one goal. This aggregation, made up of such great players as Haysom, George, Sinclair, McEachren, Campbell, Mennill, Dale, Riddell, Norris, Screation, put up a magnificent game and were very unfortunate to lose. Their spirits were not dampened in any way by this reverse, and they showed their ability to stage a comeback the next year when they won the senior track meet. Riddell won the senior individual, and his efforts, coupled with those of Norris, McEachren, Franks, George, Franklin, Forsythe, Haysom, Sinclair, swept the team to a magnificent victory.

At this point I would like to pay individual tribute to Allan Riddell. He was, in my mind, the greatest all-round athlete we have had in our school. He was a star track athlete and soccer player. He played a good game of hockey and basketball. He also showed himself to advantage in rugby after he went to Western. To him I say, Yea! Riddell! In every

activity I found him a great athlete and a gentleman. What more can be said than that?

Great changes followed this era of track and soccer activity. They both declined, and for a time we found ourselves in very poor circumstances athletically. From 1926 to 1929 our place in the win column was very small. We were only kept from complete eclipse by Don Rivers, the great school-boy sprinter who came to us from St. John, N. B., and Art. Caruthers of Melbourne, a star half-miler. Rivers' greatest effort was at Acton on July 1, 1929, when he won the 100-yard dash in $9\frac{1}{5}$ seconds, beating two great men, Miller of Hamilton and Smallcombe of Toronto. These two were followed by Maurice Shore, who was an expert hurdler and who kept our heads above the level for two or three years with some magnificent performances.

In 1929, rugby displaced soccer, and the four-school track meet was dropped. Our rugby teams of that year were without experience of any kind, but they made up for this deficiency by a determination to do their very best at all times. Success has crowned their efforts to such an extent that the Seniors have won the city group in 1930 and 1932 and the Juniors in 1931, 1932, 1933. These teams have developed some great players, such as Bill Rivers, Ron. McCallum, George McVicar, Harm. Westland, Art McKenzie, and many others. The present teams, both of which are doing their part to carry on the standard of sportsmanship and gentlemanly conduct which was raised for them when Thames Park was little better than a pasture and the dressing-room an old shack over in the corner of the field from which the words echo even to this day, "Last out, lock up."

The other sports, hockey and basketball, went through the same periods of success and defeat as the ones mentioned. From 1923 to 1930 the boys did not have much success in their basketball. The coming of Mr. Freeman changed all this, with the result that during the past four years they have won the city group once and have never finished lower than second. This is a record of which to be proud, and one for future teams to keep before them. Hockey has always been at a disadvantage. The lack of natural ice has been a

great drawback, and the Arena is too expensive for our financial condition. As a result, teams have had to go without much-needed practice, and players have not developed as they otherwise would. In spite of all these hindrances some excellent players have played on our teams, such as Getliffe, McCallum, McKenzie, Dobbyn, Milne, Smith, Ready, Coleman and Dawkins.

All our teams have played their games with the same sportsmanlike manner and have given us the best they had. In conclusion, I would like to mention several boys who were outstanding in our athletics and who have passed on to their last great reward. Eric Chapman and Reg. Apple-1932, on Lake Huron, were on the first teams we had in the school. Ken Burgess was killed three years ago as a result of an airplane accident, and Oliver Miller lost his life in an automobile accident. These four boys were instrumental in our success and did their part to set the high ideals which others are carrying on. We offer our heartfelt sympathy to their families, and hope that their example of gentlemanly conduct on the playing field will be an incentive for those who are the athletes of today and tomorrow.

"And when the one Great Scorer comes
To write against your name,
He counts not that you won or lost,
But how you played the game."





JUNIOR BOYS' BASKETBALL

Top Row—E. Grove, K. Jones, F. Haysom.

Bottom Row—J. Kennedy, N. Patten, Mr. A. M. Freeman, N. Rose, K. Casselman.

BOYS' SENIOR BASKETBALL

Top Row—N. Finch, K. Coates, G. Holland, R. Stevenson, C. Coleman.

Bottom Row—J. McHale, G. Hotham, Mr. Freeman (Coach), T. Hutchinson, O. Orchard.

Senior Basketball

Although the senior basketball team of last year was not successful in winning the city championship, it made a very creditable showing, due to the able coaching of Mr. Freeman. The team proved itself hard to beat and in the regular schedule lost only one game.

The opening game, played with Central in our own gymnasium, resulted in a win over our old enemies. We then went to Tech, to play their highly touted team, which had been practicing since the middle of September. Here we were again successful and handed Tech the short end of a 15-19 score. Beck were our next victims and were defeated - . We then played Central on their floor and swamped them completely with a score of 28-14. Tech proved to be our Waterloo, and in the next game, played in our own gym, we went down to defeat in a close and hard-fought game by the score of 14-11. Beck almost proved to be a stumbling-block when, in the next game, they held us to a seven all tie at the end of the regular playing time. However, we were able to sink two baskets in the overtime and won 11-7.

Our regular schedule was now over and we had lost only to Tech. Unfortunately for us, Tech had lost just one game, too, and

it was necessary to play off for the group laurels. A sudden death game was arranged to be played on Tech's home floor, and here was played the hardest-fought game of the year. With only a few seconds left to play and the score tied at eleven all, Tech hooped a basket, which won the game for them, and also the right to meet Sarnia.

This was the third time in three years that we were nosed out of the championship; last year it was to Central in the second overtime game.

After the regular season, we had two exhibition games with the South stars of several years ago. Each of these games was followed by a dance, which helped a great deal to lessen the deficit of the Boys' Athletic. These two games ended, due to the clever work of the scorekeeper and timekeeper, in ties.

This year Mr. Freeman will again be faced with the task of building a whole new team, as Jim McHale will be the only member of last year's team available for this year.

The line-up: Forwards, K. Coates, R. Stephenson; centre, G. Holland; guards, J. McHale, T. Hutchinson; alternates, O. Orchard, N. Finch, G. Hotham, C. Coleman.

—GEORGE HOLLAND, V B.

Junior Basketball 1933

Losing all the '32 regulars, Coach Bill Rivers was forced to rebuild the entire Junior team. This was no easy job for Bill, as few of the squad had had any previous playing experience. Everyone worked hard, however, and under Bill's capable supervision the team rounded out nicely, the following team being chosen for the series: Centre—K. Jones; forwards—J. Kennedy, E. Grove (Capt.); guards—F. Haysom, H. Barnes; spares—N. Rose, P. Cameron, K. Casselman, N. Patten.

The first home game of the season was against our old rivals, Central. The visitors, by their superior team work, outscored our boys, 23 to 10.

Our next game was on the fast-traveling Tech team's floor and resulted in a 22 to 8 score for Tech.

In a hard-fought game at South, our lads were barely beaten in a 12 to 16 game by Beck.

South again bowed to Central at Central in a close 11 to 15 game.

In a home game with Tech, South, by excellent all-round playing almost took the fast five from Tech, who won the City Group, losing only in the last minute by 17 to 18.

South ended the season at Beck, 12-10.

Although victories were scarce, our boys never stopped trying until the last whistle, playing the game always, and so, Congratulations, Tech! and better luck next year, South!

—E. GROVE, V A.

SENIOR HOCKEY

The W.O.S.S.A. of London last year contributed only two teams to Senior Hockey, those of Central C. I. and South. At the first of the season there was considerable doubt as to whether South would be able to enter a team, due to the depleted finances of the B.A.A. However, Mr. Dinsmore, the coach, did the Houdini and was able to arrange for some practices at the Arena.

In spite of the late start, plenty of enthusiasm was displayed at the practices, and a well-balanced team was selected to take the ice against Central.

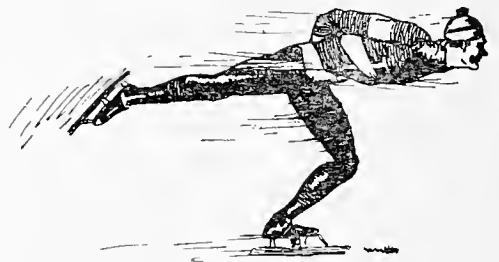
South's forward line was composed of Jimmy House, who patrolled right wing, Billy Dawkins at pivot, and Ken Cameron at left wing. This line worked smoothly together and played effective hockey. John Waldon and Holton Veitch, spare wing men, worried the opposition considerably.

The defence was extremely strong, being cared for by Dave Kunz, Neil Love and Dunc McColl. Bill Pugsley in goal was a standout.

The first game proved that South was, at least, not lacking in fighting spirit. The regular team, with little relief, carried the fight to Central, and went down to a 1-0 defeat only after a struggle that was exhausting in its pace. It was apparent that Central's superiority was due to a longer training period.

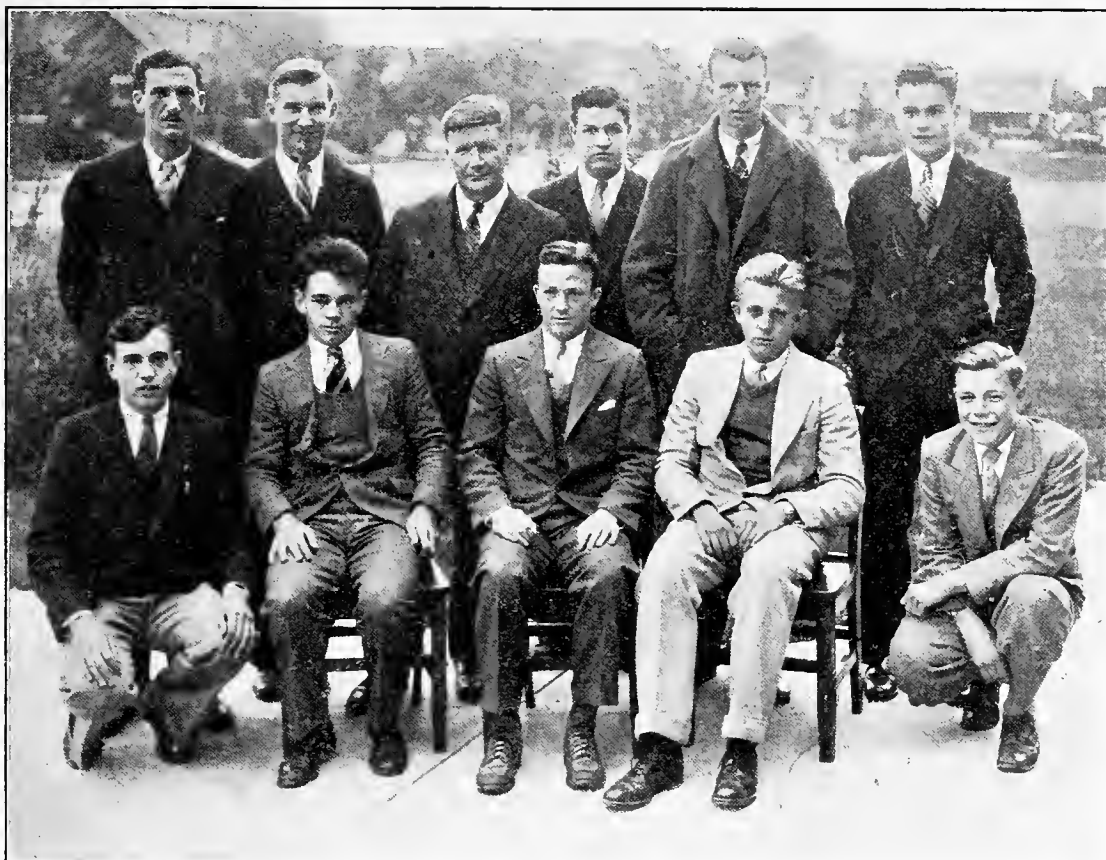
The second game was played about a week later and, although our team was strengthened by more reserve players, yet we again had to acknowledge defeat. The score was 2-0. The season came to an end and South had to admit being completely routed by its perennial rival, Central.

Enthusiasm for hockey at South seems to be on the wane. What is the reason? Old Man Winter must take a big share of the blame. With no outdoor rinks for practices, the training period is cut very short. And the use of artificial ice has become too expensive. This is where the



greatest difficulty lies. If artificial ice could be obtained for a more reasonable price, it would make a world of difference. A coach could select his material and train them into honest-to-goodness hockey players. However, present conditions make this impossible.

Let us give this All-Canadian game an



EXECUTIVE OF BOYS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Back Row—R. Miller, J. McHale, Mr. H. B. Dinsmore, J. Carling, Mr. A. M. Freeman, J. Kennedy.
Front Row—K. Keene, K. Southcott, K. Cameron (Vice-President), D. Parnell, D. MacKenna.

even break with other Collegiate sports. And let us give the team our whole-hearted support. The team showed last year that the only thing it lacked was training. But training means money and attention. What about it, South?

—KEN CAMERON, V A.

Junior Hockey

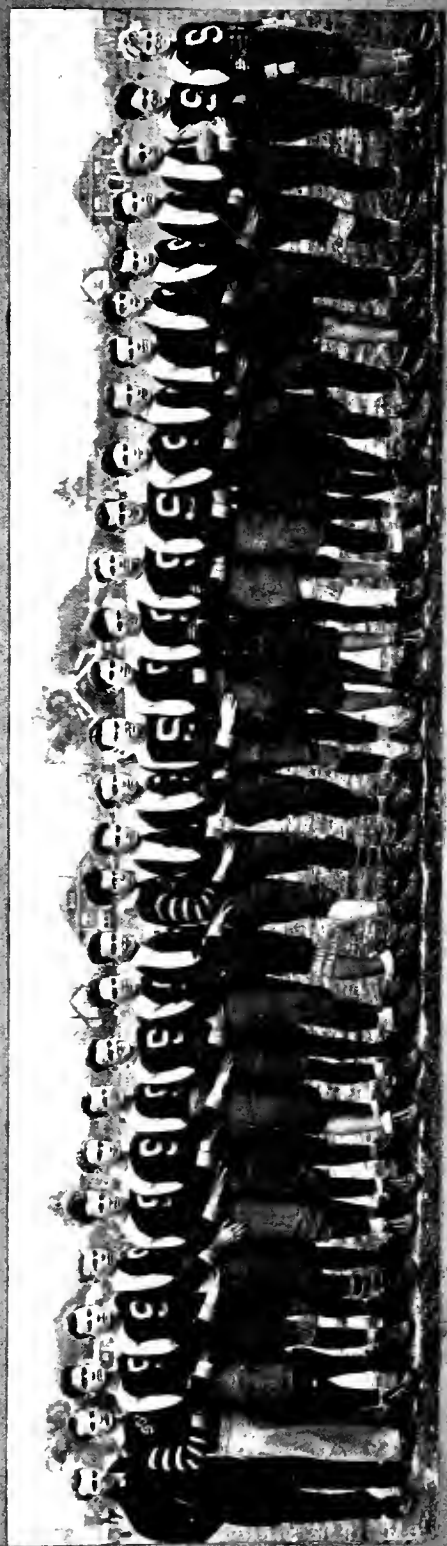
By H. BLACKMORE, V B.

The hockey of last year didn't amount to much, but what there was of it was of good quality. Owing to difficulties encountered by the various Boys' Athletic Societies, only two teams were entered—South and Central. After some weeks of

strenuous practice, coached by Mr. Dinsmore, South met Central in the first game. It was a real battle, but Central managed to net the only two counters.

A few days later South met Central again, and this time South netted the only goal of the game. Central, however, took the round by a score of two to one and South was eliminated. South's stars were Matheson and Miller, but everyone deserves a lot of credit. Mr. Dinsmore held the coaching position and certainly couldn't be beaten.

The line-up for the Juniors was as follows: Goal—B. Miller. Defence—Murray, Caspell, Mason. Wings—Shaw, Clark, Meaden, Blackmore. Centres—Matheson, Williams.



SENIOR RUGBY TEAM

Mr. H. B. Dismore (Coach), J. Gordon, W. Pugsley, E. Grove, J. Kaufman, G. Holland, J. Venton, F. Hoyson, D. Fraser, T. Parker, J. McHale, W. De Harte, C. Forest, W. Walters, R. Miller, J. Brooks, E. Turner, M. Anderson, W. Pote, S. Clark, H. Blackmore, R. Tremoine, N. Love (Capt.) absent, B. Wildeman (Mgr.)

JUNIOR RUGBY TEAM

Mr. A. M. Freeman (Coach), F. Kunz (Manager), J. Annihale, R. Anderson, K. Mason, G. Cleland, A. Morton, D. White, L. Thomas, W. Bacon, J. Kennedy, V. Gray, J. Cruickshank, G. Dowdell, H. Marroy, J. Hawes, J. Wooley, D. MacKenzie, K. Caspell, E. Johnston, D. Atcheson, N. Rose, G. Newton, J. Meaden, D. Fillmore, D. Parnell (Captain), K. Southcott, M. Black.

Senior Rugby

Shortly after school commenced this fall, football cleats began pounding South's gridiron. It was a great sight to watch the boys practicing.

However, doubt was on the faces of many. The question arose, "Will Coach Dinsmore be able to obtain enough material for a Senior squad?" Four players were all that remained from last year's W.O.S.S.A. City Champions.

"Was Mr. Dinsmore down-hearted?"

"Not much."

He collected a few of the 1932 Juniors that had become Seniors. He scouted around and found newcomers to the school. He even went so far as picking up material that had never before kicked a pigskin. And in these boys, Coach Dinsmore found a creditable team.

He whipped them into condition. He pounded plays into their heads, and, when the whistle blew for the first game, the boys were ready.

South's first game ended in a 1-1 tie with Beck. In their second game the garnet and grey took Central 10-0. The boys' third game, which was with Beck, ended 2-1 for Beck. South's last game of the series was a thriller. It wound up with a 14-0 defeat for the old rival, Central.

Though South was not the group winner, the Alma Mommie was proud of her sons. They had trained well, they had played hard and they had taken their defeats on the chin.

And so another Senior squad goes down in South's history as a real team.

The players were as follows: Capt, Neil Love; J. Gordon, G. Holland, F. Haysom, B. Walters, J. Brooks, R. Tremaine, B. Pace, B. Miller, B. DeHart, E. Grove, J. McHale, H. Blackmore, J. Kaufman, M. Anderson, C. Miller.

—BUS WIDEMAN, V A.

Junior Rugby

The Junior Rugby practices commenced early in September, almost before the classes were really settled down to regular work. Many new faces appeared on the field, but there was also that group of last year's regulars who did not pass into the Senior ranks. Usually the Seniors take away most of the previous year's Juniors,

but not so this year. Although the Juniors did lose a great number, they still retained a good number of last year's regulars, who will no doubt be the bulwark of this year's team. Mr. Freeman lost no time in shaping out the team, since the schedule commenced late in September. Nightly workouts were used. Oftentimes the workout took the form of a scrimmage with the Seniors and, from the form showed, the Juniors should go far in the Junior W.O.S.S.A. A keen fight is anticipated in order that the Anderson Cup may be retained for another year. Twenty-six players were kept out of the large number who turned out. So the regular team has a very good backing. The Juniors are ably managed by Frank Kunz and have as their trainer Bill Pugsley, which all goes to show that nothing was left out that might help them to gain a championship. We are all backing you. So let's go, Juniors!

The players are as follows: Doug. Parnell, Kennedy, Thomas, Filmore, Annibale, Johnston, Caspell, Southcott, Dowdell, Murray, Mason, Bacon, Cleland, Hanes, Morton, McKenzie, Cruickshanks, White, Atcheson, Rose, Anderson, Grey, Black, Meadon, Wooley, Newton.

The Track Team

The twelfth annual W.O.S.S.A. track and field meet was held last 24th of May amidst ideal weather conditions. Our track team did not meet with any exceptional success, and compiled a total of only five points. These points were obtained by Jack Kennedy in the Intermediate running broad jump, in which he won first place with a sensational leap of 19 feet 3 inches. He was then invited to attend the Ontario Schools track and field meet. Although Jack made a creditable showing he did not succeed in winning a prize there.

One of the popular members of the school, Ches. Hancock, entered the Free Press marathon and won a medal for finishing the 25 mile 385 yard run. The prospects for next year look somewhat brighter, as South now has one of the premier half-milers of Canada, Walter Griggs, as a pupil.

The members of last years' team were: Juveniles, Pierce Hutchinson and Martin Gray; Intermediates, Jack Kennedy, Doug McLachlan and Ronald Chapman, and Senior, Harold White.

—NEIL ROSE, V A.



Editor—NANCY SANTO, IV B.

A New Idea in Athletics

A great many of the students in the school will remember the enjoyable and interesting visit we had last year on November 9th, 1933, from Miss Anne F. Hodgkins, who is Field Secretary of the Women's Division of the National Amateur Athletic Federation of America. Miss Hodgkins spoke to us concerning this great movement of which the standards of twelve clauses are known throughout the world.

Miss Hodgkins, as a representative of the association, showed us how much better intra-mural competition was as opposed to intra-scholastic competition. Intra-scholastic competition concerns only a small group of performers in that certain line of sport, whereas we are attempting to organize a programme for every girl. Thus, instead of taking the time and energy of the teacher to train a few, we advocate the spreading of time, strength, and energy to train a great many. This year, our great objective is to create, not one team, but many teams.

The Girls' Athletic Association of last year, under the supervision of Miss Macpherson, recommended to the incoming executive that the athletic program in our school be changed to stress intra-mural activity rather than intra-scholastic competition.

This year we have taken our first step to carry out these ideas. Every fall for the past few years has been used to train and coach a first and second year basketball team. This took up four week nights

for those in first and second years who did not make their teams, besides the third, fourth and fifth year girls. This year only three nights a week, two for all the first year girls and the other for all the second year girls, are left free for all of those who wish to learn to play basketball. Whereas last year only a chosen fifteen of the second year girls could play, there are now over fifty girls playing. With the first year girls there are over sixty in the inter-form competition instead of fifteen. Every one of these one hundred and ten girls who so desired has been put on a team and is playing on a regular schedule. The remaining two nights are left for girls wishing to take part in badminton. This is being sponsored by the Girls' Athletic Executive under Miss MacFarlane. There are now over eighty girls who have come out to play or learn to play badminton. These are from the Middle and Upper Schools. One night is especially for those who are only beginners, and those who have never played, but would like to learn. The other night is for more advanced players.

In this manner we have begun a very great project—that of trying to find some athletic activity to interest and include every girl in the school.

—NANCY SANTO, IV B.

The Girls' Party

Well, maybe we didn't have a smart time! Just ask us. And our answer will be that it was the grandest party the girls have ever had—and that is saying something.

To begin with, October 20th was a

lovely night. When we were all assembled in the auditorium promptly at 7.30 o'clock, Doris Blackall, the vice-president, took charge of the party. She welcomed the guests and, after a motion to have a second Fifth Year representative, the programme began. First Year sat up very excitedly, bows flopping and red noses glowing.

Second Year led off the programme with a skit representing our favorites from the screen. Then Anne Gordon and Beth Reed rendered "The Big Bad Wolf" and "Aintcha Glad." Third Year's skit made nearly every girl feel very blue when Barbara Knowles, as the bachelor, scorned every type from the athletic girl to the flirt, finally choosing a widow. Oh, well, girls! Never mind!

Helen Wilkie danced, after which Fourth Year's skit left us all breathless, as we watched Libby Pegg, a terrible villain, roller skate threateningly around. Lois Gray danced for us.

Fifth Year then put on a mock trial during which the cast tried very hard to say their parts but were considerably hampered by Constable Snatch smashing oranges in their faces, and also strange convulsions which seemed to sweep over them rather unexpectedly.

After this very enjoyable programme a fearful initiation took place, led by Beth Reed and Doris Dorland. The poor freshies, after eating salt-filled chocolates and feeling various limbs of a dead man, felt they were a part of us.

Libby Pegg led a sing-song after this, and then a tumbling act under the direction of Miss MacFarlane was very ably put on.

Eats followed—Coffee, hot dogs and pumpkin tarts. Could anything be better? We don't think so.

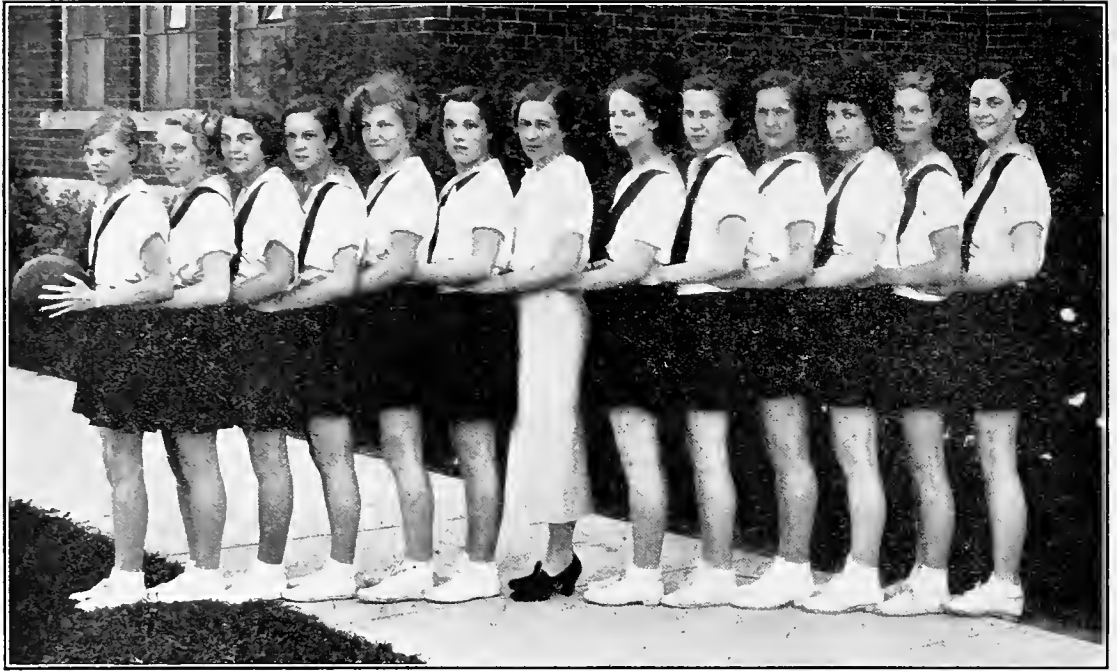
At 11 o'clock the party was over—the very loveliest party of all the year.

—NORA MCEWING, V A.



GIRLS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION EXECUTIVE

Back Row—Miss H. Hilliard, J. Woods, B. Moore, Miss J. MacFarlane (President), M. Dillon, A. Gordon, D. Dorland.
Front Row—P. Hennigar, V. Pryor, E. Gardner, D. Blackall, (Vice-President), B. Govan, L. Gray, B. Reed.



GIRLS' SENIOR W.O.S.S.A. BASKETBALL

Left to Right—M. Cleland, M. Richards, J. Woods, V. Trott, S. Taylor, D. Blackall, Miss J. MacFarlane (Coach), E. Corlett, N. Santo, M. Pegg, C. Lloyd, M. Cox, C. Wallace (Captain).

W.O.S.S.A. BASKETBALL

With only six of last year's veterans back with us this year, Miss MacFarlane had a difficult task in rebuilding the team, but the keenness and "pep" which were amply supplied by the members of the First and Second Year teams, who were successful in making the Senior team, greatly lightened this task. Although the season 1932-33 did not bring us the championship, we had the fun of giving the winning team their greatest worry of the season when, for over half the game, South held the lead. This rather unique "pep" and team spirit, which were demonstrated in this team, we are hoping will bear fruit in a championship team this year.

The players from left to right are:

MARJORY CLELAND and MARION COX were the two new members on our forward line, and to think of one is to be reminded of the other, for they do their best playing when they play together. Both were Second Year students and the fact that they made the Senior team is an indication of their ability. Marion played centre forward in Creena's absence, and showed in directing the plays of the team

that she possessed that rather rare quality, "basketball sense." In addition, her handling of the ball, and her speed and smoothness in passing were exceptional. Marjory's part was to receive these bullet-like passes without flinching, to break for the basket with incredible speed, and to make the shot—which she did nine times out of ten. We hope for even better things from them this year.

MARGARET RICHARDS was one of our regular forwards last year. Probably no member of the team put more effort into improving her game than Margaret did, and the results were worthwhile. She will be remembered most for her ability to pivot well, to shoot accurately, and to combine with others at all times. We regret very much that this year she will be missing from our line-up.

JEAN WOOD, VIOLA TROTT and SONIA TAYLOR were three new guards from the Second Year team who proved beyond question their right to a position on the W.O.S.S.A. line. Much of their success was due to their untiring efforts to improve. To hold their forwards scoreless was their ambition, and nothing less than this really satisfied them. Viola's game was perhaps the least spectacular,

but she was always in the right place, and no forward could shake her. Jean's playing was characterized by an unusual ability in the gymnasium, leaving only one night to jump, pivot and bounce almost half the length of the floor. Sonia's greater height plus her strength and speed made her very useful around the basket in recovering rebounds and getting them out. The future holds much for all of these.

DORIS BLACKALL played as a regular guard and in this position did some very fine work. Because she possessed a real knowledge of the game she made very few ineffectual moves. Her passing was fast and good and her intercepting of passes clever. In addition, her ability to combine with others rather than play a lone game made her a valuable member of the team.

EDNA CORLETT came to us from Walkerville, the basketball city, and showed real promise as an alternative guard. Her playing was intelligent and she did her best always. Unfortunately, she is not in our school this year.

NANCY SANTO advanced last year to a regular position on the forward line and justly deserved this position. Because of her height she was able to rescue many passes which might otherwise have gone out of bounds or into an opponent's possession. Her shooting is accurate and her passes are quick and good. In addition she possesses the ability to combine with other players, and her game is never coloured with a desire to win personal

applause. We are hoping for even better things from her this year.

MARNY PEGG gave real leadership to our guards and everyone on the team felt the inspiration of her presence on the floor. It was she on whom we depended in the really hard moments of the game, and she never failed us. Who has not seen her intercept a ball on its way to the basket, or completely submerge an opposing forward just as she was about to shoot? Marny gave all of her energy all of the time; moreover, her playing was consistently effective and often spectacular. We are sorry to lose her this year.

CARLEEN LLOYD has played forward on our team for two years and has served us faithfully. Her height, which is above average, is a great asset in recovering rebounds, and many of her points were made in this way. We are sorry that Carleen has not come back to South this year.

CREENA WALLACE needs no introduction to South Collegiate basketball fans. For four years she has been a member of the Senior team and the fact that last year she was the unanimous choice of her team-mates for captain showed the confidence which they had in her as a leader. Her position was centre forward, and from this strategic point she directed her forces. Her height, which is above average, and her speed make her a valuable asset to the team. Unfortunately she was not able to give us her best last year because of illness during a large part of the playing season.



TENNIS CHAMPIONS, 1933

Left to Right—M. Pegg, T. Hutchinson, E. Pegg.

TENNIS

In the spring of 1933 there was a general agitation for a tennis tournament whereby all assertions of superiority in this field were to be definitely settled.

Under the guidance of Jack Reid and Norm. Farrow, preparation was made to hold the contest, although the two athletic organizations did not support it.

The committee decided to take the proceeds (fees) and purchase two silver cups, to become the permanent possession of the winners.

At this rather late stage in the proceedings, the athletic societies stepped in and, feeling the cups to be "too ostentatious", decided that it would be more fitting to give school crests to the winners. This called forth strong objection from those then possessing crests, on the grounds that it detracted from their worth. Happily, it may be observed that those who had won this honour most deservedly showed themselves quite willing to stand by the societies' decision. In order, however, that there should be no ill feeling, a new crest was designed and awarded to both the winners of the '33 and '32 tournaments. The names of the singles winners were also inscribed upon cups donated by the two athletic organizations.

We hope that successive years will

ODE TO POSTURE

*Good posture is an asset
Which very few possess;
Sad to relate, the favoured ones
Seem to be growing less.*

*We see the folks around us
All slumped down in a heap,
And the way that people navigate
Is enough to make us weep.*

*Some elevate their shoulders,
Some hollow in their backs,
Some stiffen up their muscles
And some just plain relax.*

*The one who walks with grace and poise
Is a spectacle so rare
That even down on gay Broadway
The people turn and stare.*

—NANCY SANTO, IV B.

display as much interest, and that play will be of even better calibre.

The winners of the various tournaments are as follows:

Girls' singles—Marny Pegg.

Boys' singles—Jack Reid.

Girls' doubles—Marny Pegg and Libby Pegg.

Boys' doubles—Jack Reid and Harold Carling.

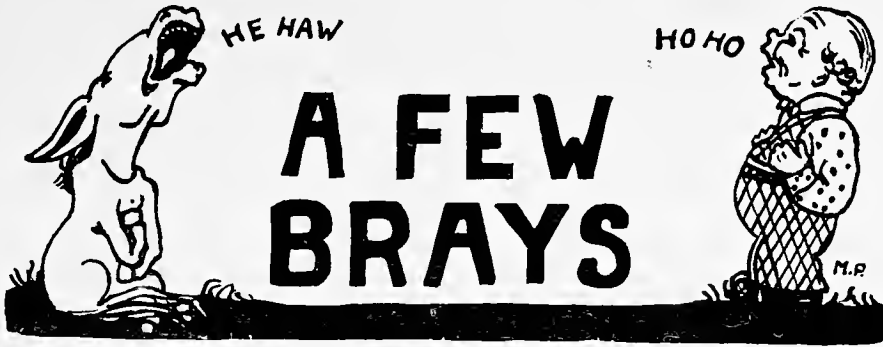
Mixed doubles—Ted Hutchison and Marny Pegg.

—CREENA WALLACE, V A.

Badminton

Badminton has only in the past few years come up to its present popularity. The students of South have never before been given the opportunity of playing in our school. This is being carried on under the auspices of the Girls' Athletic Association. The equipment has been bought to enable every girl to take part in the game. The rudiments of the game are being taught under the capable leadership of Miss Hilliard and Miss MacFarlane. On account of the large number of girls who wish to play, the association has permitted two nights a week for this sport. We hope that this new scheme may be successful and that a large number of girls will avail themselves of this opportunity to play badminton.





Editors—BETTY HEASLIP AND FREDDY HAYSOM

Shirley Robinson: "Sorry, conductor, that I haven't a nickel," as she handed him a ten dollar bill.

Conductor: "Don't worry, miss, you're going to have one hundred and ninety-nine in a minute."

* * * *

J. Kidd: "Who was the snappy woman you had at the dance last night?"

G. Fleming: "Oh, she is a milliner at the dairy."

John: "A milliner!"

George: "Yes, she puts the caps on the milk bottles."

* * * *

Mr. Ireland: "Dave! That's the third time you've looked at his work."

D. Wolf: "Yes, I know; but he doesn't write plainly."

* * * *

Inspector (giving intelligence test in class room): "Now, close your eyes."—Inspector makes noise like twittering of birds—"Now open your eyes and tell me what I was doing."

"Kissing teacher," came the reply in chorus.

* * * *

D. Parnell: "Do you think I will ever be able to do anything with my voice?"

J. McHale: "Oh, it might come in handy in case of fire."

* * * *

Mrs. Pickett: "How many wives is a man allowed today?"

W. Griggs: "Sixteen."

Mrs. Pickett: "How do you make that out?"

Walt: "Four richer, four poorer, four better, four worse."

J. Casey (dining at Eileen's): "There's a hair in my applesauce."

E. Knowles: "Silly, there's couldn't be; they're Baldwins."

* * * *

A Scotsman upon entering a saddler's asked for a single spur.

"What use is one spur?" asked the man.

"Well," replied Sandy, "if I can get one side of the horse to go, I figure the other half will hae to come wi' it."

* * * *

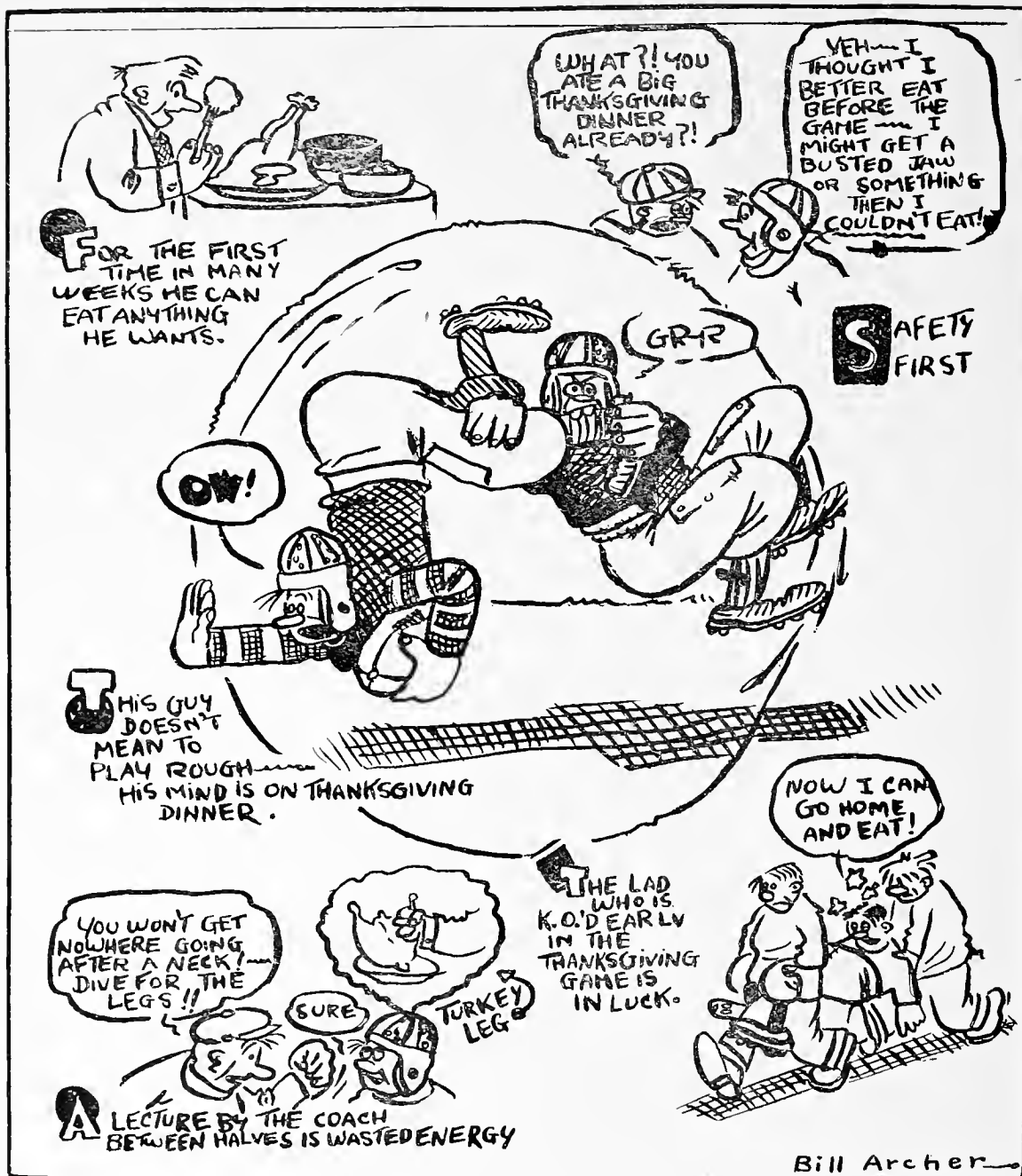
B. DeHarte (lecturing to Anne Gordon): "You spend too much on lipstick."

Anne: "That's right, rub it in."

* * * *



STORY WITHOUT WORDS



J. Miller: "Have you seen any worse looking girls than me?"

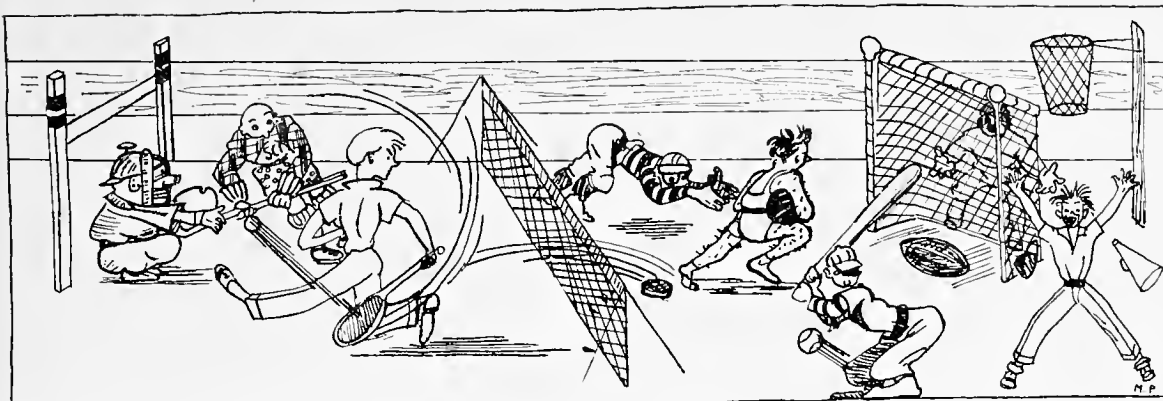
No answer.

J. Miller: "I say, have you seen any worse looking girls than me?"

J. Reid: "I heard you the first time. I was just trying to remember."

H. Blackmore (as hard up youth discussing the subject of marriage): "Honestly, Mary, marriage is out of the question. Why, I couldn't even keep a mouse."

M. Ferris (quite determined): "Of course you could, dear, I just love them."



RADIO UNSELECTIVITY

Hello, folks! This is Ray Atwell giving you a play by play description of the game between Lambeth and Lucan for the hockey championship . . . of the baseball rugby association . . . of Hyde Park. The sun is shining brightly . . . through the thick fog, and the ice is as hard . . . as a feather. The Hamilton Tigers . . . come to bat first. They kick off to the House of David . . . at centre ice. Ernie Grove, the mascot for . . . Notre Dame . . . got the puck just under the basket and threw . . . a forward pass to . . . the shortstop, Jack Brooks, who knocked . . . a touch-down into rush end. Just then the whistle . . . rang ending the

last round . . . Shorty Holland, pretending he didn't hear the . . . starter's gun . . . scooped up the puck . . . and ran two feet for a drop-kick . . . scoring 21 points on an offside kick. The score ended 40 love for the Giants because they were . . . bigger than the Midgets.

Real Estate Agent: "I have just the house you want without a single flaw."

F. Chesam: "Then what the deuce am I supposed to walk on?"

Marg. Chantler (looking at fur coats): "Does the rain hurt this fur?"

Johnny Gordon (as salesman): "Well, did you ever see a skunk carrying an umbrella."

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(continued from page 23)

Bill looked astounded. "Well, I could have understood it, I guess, but what did he come here for?"

"You wouldn't understand that in a million years, Bill," replied the officer. "Bill, what he came down here for was to give you change on that half dollar. You see, Bill, coal-oil doesn't cost as much

and when he found his mistake he drove right into town to bring you the change, after he had heard of the hold-up."

"But the funny part of it, Bill," he went on, "is that the bank gave him a loan he'd been after for nearly a year."

"Well, I'll be ——!"

THE END

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(continued from page 63)

chute, and then to check his fall, about 1,000 feet above the field, he opened his larger parachute, which enabled him to make a safe landing.

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pour their products in order to test them. In these races every man has an even chance to make good, and it is with keen anticipation that we look forward to the outstanding racing events in the near future.

THE END

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(continued from page 24)

all conversational attempts for very obvious reasons and was content to worship in a relieved silence. "Now I'll never know whether I'm her boy friend or not," he thought dolefully. "I'll bet she just hates me, I'm so dumb."

Enter Aunt Elizabeth! "Well, and do

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you let the children play with the pots and pans?" she demanded, looking at the erring ones severely.

Frank removed himself from the immediate precincts and sank into the merciful oblivion of some shrubbery. Something cold struck his white ducks with a spanking sensation. "Oh, thad hose, dard!" he cried.

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will be pleased to wait upon you without obligation
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Aunt Elizabeth looked at him. "Well,
Celia, I can't say as I think much of—"

In the background Frank said "Dab!"
with some vigor.

But Aunt Elizabeth was continuing, her
last words fairly bristling with scorn,
"—of your—your—boy friend."

And Frank was very, very happy.

THE END

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spare a buck for coffee?"

D. Fillmore: "A dollar for coffee!
Why, that's preposterous!"

Panhandler: "Just tell me yes or no—
but don't try to tell me how to run my
own business."

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(continued from page 25)

ing; he has the right kind of nose."

"He has not. He has a Roman nose."

"Yes, roamin' all over his face," Billy cackled. But Eve did not hear him. Alfred was at the door and she was off.

Dancing with her head resting on her

hero's shoulder, Eve was blissfully happy. She wished they could go on forever, but the happy evening finally came to an end. Feeling a little sad, Eve was suddenly transported to the height of bliss by Alfred suggesting that they get up early and go canoeing.

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Every hour she wakened and glanced at the clock, fearing she would sleep in. At 5 o'clock she snuggled down for another forty winks, and knew nothing then until 7 o'clock. She dressed quickly and ran down to the beach.

"Why, the poor dear must have fallen asleep waiting for me," she whispered, as

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she slipped quietly along the sands to where Alfred lay.

Suddenly she stopped, startled by a familiar noise. For a moment she stood still, hoping her ears had deceived her, but no; again it came. A loud, prolonged

(continued on next page)

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page eighty-seven

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A GOOD PLACE TO BUY RUGS.

(continued from previous page)

snore, and, as if that were not enough, Alfred drew in a short whistling breath at the end of it.

With a sound that might have been a laugh but sounded suspiciously like a sob, Eve gathered up the pieces of her broken heart and fled.

THE END

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STRONG'S DRUG STORE
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page eighty-eight

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(EXCHANGE—continued from page 44)

Studentium, of Vaughan Road C. I., very original and really funny.

The school news sections were fairly well done, but by far the best of the lot was that of The Twig, University of Toronto

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Schools. The Argosy of Commerce, of Ottawa C. I., dragged in the old gag of "Just Imagine" until it became a game.

There were many vivid and striking cover designs, but to our mind the best were those of The Tecalogue, of the London Technical and Commercial High

School; The Lampadian, of Delta C. I., and the Acta Nostra, of Guelph C. I. Perhaps we are rather dense, but we would like to know just what the cover of The Kingston Times signified. We failed to notice the "it" with which your editor credited it.

(continued on next page)

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METCALF 558
4 LINES TO CENTRAL

(continued from previous page)

and we thought it far inferior to some of the others submitted.

We noticed that several exchange editors could not find our exchange page last year. In case you care to look it up

now, it is on page thirty (30), and is also listed in the index. We are at a loss to know why it was so elusive.

To all of our exchanges, may we say that we have read and benefited by your magazines. We can only hope that ours has helped you as much.

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SPORTS WEAR

FORMAL AND

TEA GOWNS

Justly "Famous For Coats"

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METCALF 1570

"Wow, wow, wow, wow," yelled the baby
from the cradle.

Mr. Dinsmore (former baseball player):
"Four bawls and I walk."

L. Pegg: "I wonder if you'll love me
when my hair has turned to gray."

B. Miller: "Why not? I've loved you
every time you've changed colour so far."

Ladies . . .

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**GILCHRIST LUMBER CO.,
LIMITED**

FAIR. 710

EGERTON ST.

(continued from page 27)

He'd found Betty all himself.

"It is only a chance. They may still be at the studio. I shall try anyway," Mr. Benson said as he went into the next room.

Bobby and Mother sat and hugged each other, while Mr. Benson phoned the studio

in the distant city and tried to get a message through to Betty.

In a short time he was back. "Such luck," he beamed, "both Miss St. Cloud and Betty were there. I spoke to Miss St. Cloud. She is on her way back to France and intended leaving Betty off at the

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WIDTHS AAAA TO EE

177 DUNDAS STREET

orphanage. Now she will bring her right
on here. They are motoring through to-
morrow. Now I must run and see about
the papers."

As he passed Bobby he pinched his ear.
"Great, old scout, isn't it?" he said.

And Bobby thought it was.

THE END

D. Fraser: "Two poached eggs medium
soft, buttered toast not too hard, coffee
not too much cream in it,"

Waiter: "Yes, sir. Would you like any
special design on the dishes?"

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HOWARD McCONNELL

Harvey Blackmore: "I'd go a long way
for you, Mary."

Mary Ferris: "Please do."

Mr. Calvert: "The class will now name
the lower forms of animal life beginning
with Grove."

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N. McEwing (at rugby game): "What
did they put Don off for?"

M. Dillon: "For holding."

N. McEwing: "Isn't that just like him."

J. Breakspear approached a coster's
barrow in London, Eng., picked up a large
melon and asked: "Is that the largest
apple you grow in this country?"

"Put that grape down," snarled the
coster.

C. R. (Jack)
BOTTRILL

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184 RIDOUT STREET SOUTH

B. Thomas: "Would you put yourself out for me?"

J. Kidd: "Certainly."

B. Thomas: "Then close the door as you pass out."

J. Cruickshank: "Hope is a wonderful thing."

J. Venton (sarcastically): "Yeah! One little nibble and it keeps a man fishing all day."

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Canvasser: "Is the master of the house in?"

Young Father (Mr. Wonnacott) wearily:
"Yes, he's upstairs in his cradle."

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B. Jarmain: "Is it true that you proposed to Nora McEwing and were rejected?"

S. Calvert: "Not exactly rejected. She just said that when she felt like making a fool of herself she'd let me know."

Mr. Calvert: "A bear will run if you look it straight in the eye."

B. Buchanan: "Yeh, but which way?"

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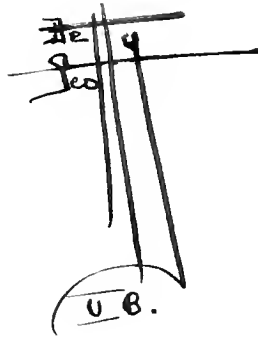
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C. Oliver Engstrom

Corothy Monte

"Santo" J. J. J. J.



K. S. S. S.

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J. Casey: "Keep still; here's a quarter."

Brother: "Here's ten cents change. One price to all, that's the way I do business."

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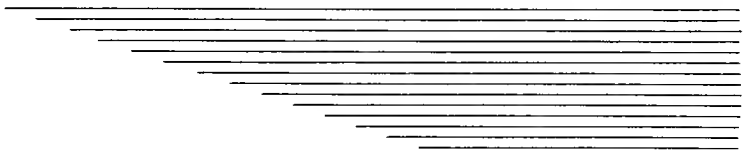
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